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Put milk and water into saucepan. Boil. Sprinkle in cocoa, sugar and salt and whisk for 2-3 minutes. Sprinkle in semolina and stir frequently till the mixture thickens, about 5-7 minutes. Add vanilla essence. Pour into bowl, allow to cool. Whisk thoroughly. Pour into glasses and top with custard or serve plain.

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Illustration shows a melt of Kodak's revolutionary new glass being poured. This "rare element" glass—first basic discovery in optical glass in 55 years—is made with tantalum and tungsten and lanthanum instead of sand. It produces lenses which let through more light and take clearer pictures faster. To-day, such lenses, in conjunction with 'Kodak' Film, mean better aerial pictures for Allied Air Forces. To-morrow, they will mean better 'Kodak' snaps for you.

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CVS-49

FOOD FACTS

Quick HOT dishes

—they need less fuel too!

There are many ways to cook more quickly, and get equally good results. Here are recipes which you will find useful for saving time and fuel.

QUICK HOT-POT : *A little fat; ½ lb. mince or sausage meat or 4 cutlets; 1 lb. potatoes, sliced thinly; ½ lb. leeks and ½ lb. swedes, sliced; pinch herbs; seasoning; water or stock; chopped parsley.*

Quick Hot-pot

Fry meat for a few minutes. Make sausage meat into cakes first. Put in layers with vegetables in frying-pan. Season, add herbs, and liquid nearly to cover. Cover with lid. Cook 20-30 mins. Serve with parsley. (For 4 people.)

QUICKLY-MADE SOUP : *2 pints water or stock ; 1 lb. parsnips or other vegetable; half a leek ; seasoning ; 4 level tablesps. flour; 4 tablesps. milk; 2 tablesps. chopped parsley.*

Grate parsnips and chop leek finely. Put into boiling water or stock, with seasoning. Boil 20 minutes. Mix flour to paste with a little water and stir into soup ; cook for 5 minutes. Add milk and parsley before serving. (For 4 people.)

QUICK RICE PUDDING : *3 oz. rice ; 5 level tablesps. household milk,* DRY ; *1 level tablesp. dried egg,* DRY ; *4 level tablesps. sugar ; few drops vanilla.*

Boil rice in a pint of boiling water until tender and most of water is absorbed. Mix milk, dried egg, and sugar to smooth paste with a little water. Stir into rice and cook for 5 minutes more. Add flavouring. Serve with a little jam. (For 4 people).

QUICK TRICKS

COOK steamed puddings in individual moulds or cups—this way they take only half or three-quarters of an hour.

TWO SMALL CAKES bake more quickly than one large one, and a cake baked in a large flat tin takes less time than in a small deep tin.

YOU MAY FIND the potatoes you buy at present include some small ones. These are being issued in order to eke out the supply. Save time and trouble by boiling them in their skins. They taste excellent this way.

CHEESE PUFFS : *4 oz. plain flour and 2 level teasps. baking powder, or 4 oz. self-raising flour ; 2 level tablesps. dried eggs,* DRY ; *salt and pepper ; 2 tablesps. chopped parsley ; 2 oz. grated cheese.*

Mix ingredients together. Add enough milk to make a thick batter. Heat some fat in frying-pan—let it get really hot—and fry batter in spoonfuls till golden brown on both sides. (For 4 people.)

THIS IS WEEK 3-3—THE FIRST WEEK OF RATION PERIOD No 9 (Mar. 4th to Mar. 31st)

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INFORMATION

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March 17 1945 JOHN BULL Volume 77 Number 2022 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

Without Fear or Favour

HOW TO GET HOUSES

WE ARE BEING FOOLED about housing.

Official promises that houses will be built by the hundred thousand are merely credit votes drawn on the bank of illusion.

We are being fooled because Ministers are fooling themselves.

They talk of their "housing plan." They have none. Nor has any of the political Parties.

A fourteen-year-old child would know that we cannot get the houses we need until land can be provided on which to build them. That calls for a land policy. The Government, frightened of inflaming the touchy tempers of the landlords, refuses to produce anything so definite.

No wonder, then, that delegates of 660 local councils have just sent Mr. Churchill a sharp demand for action.

THERE ARE OTHER vital factors which await decision.

New towns cannot be built until we know where industry is to be concentrated. The Barlow Report on this subject was issued more than five years ago. The Government has dealt with only a few of its points.

Again, local councils cannot plan new estates while the position of new arterial roads is in doubt, and while they are in the dark concerning the land which should be retained for agriculture.

Moreover, there is confusion and bickering between the Ministries of Works, Health, Labour, Supply, and the forlorn Cinderella of Whitehall, Town and Country Planning.

Next week, the Government is expected to hold the much-postponed debate on post-war policy. It would, were it wise, announce then the creation of a single Ministry of Housing.

So far, all the steps taken have merely been patches on a very old pair of trousers. What we need is a new, superbly cut pair.

And the new Ministry of Housing must have wide powers to obtain the decisions urgently needed on siting, supplies of men and materials.

Otherwise the people who have fought and toiled for Britain will be betrayed.

The Editor

DEATH AGONY OF NAZIDOM

Ruhr Went. All Went. Frisco to Plan or not to Plan. We'll All See the Derby. Conscription is "State Interference." Architects of Modern History

THE WAR'S FINAL PHASE took shape as the Allies, reaching the Rhine, brought the Ruhr under gunfire and ended arms output in the Reich's best industrial area.

With Ruhr industries gone the way of those of Silesia and Berlin, and with only Bohemia and Vienna left of the Nazis' once immense economic potential, it became obvious that any prolonging of the struggle could be only guerilla war, with North Germany abandoned to the Allies.

This suggested the pattern of Eisenhower's fan-out, once the Rhine had been crossed with floating structures to bridgeheads.

Cutting Holland Off

Montgomery in the north might thrust towards the railway hubs of Munster and Hamm, thus leaving a solitary trunk line for the German pull-out from North Holland.

Even this line would be in peril from a swift push down the Ems towards the sea near Emden, isolating Holland and ending the rocket bomb attacks on England.

Meanwhile Patton's rapid push towards Coblenz threatened the flank of the huge German Saar bastion, while the lightning crossing of the Rhine by General Hodges added to enemy confusion.

Only 300 miles to the east, Berlin would stand in the path of rapidly advancing Russian forces whose flank had been secured by the victorious advances of Zhukov towards Stettin and Rokossovsky towards Danzig.

Reaching the Limit

With Stettin gone, Hamburg (second city of the Reich) would hear the gunfire that spelt doom to Mecklenburg province.

Germany, after all, has its limits; the Stettiner Haaf is no more than 200 miles from the mouth of the Elbe. So while *Volkssturm* levies at Bremen were feverishly digging trenches facing west, their Hamburg comrades would be frantically erecting barricades looking east.

Hungry Europe

HOLLAND'S LIBERATION is literally a matter of life or death to the Dutch people themselves, whose nutrition goes from bad to desperate.

Yet the food outlook in the freed countries is hardly less appalling; and the Belgians, whom 9,500 tons of fats would last two months, meet the plea of shipping shortage by pointing to the liner of 10,000 tons capacity which recently took to Antwerp only 500 tons of war material.

France is making new lorries by the hundred, mending old ones by the thousand; but they cannot take the road for lack of tyres.

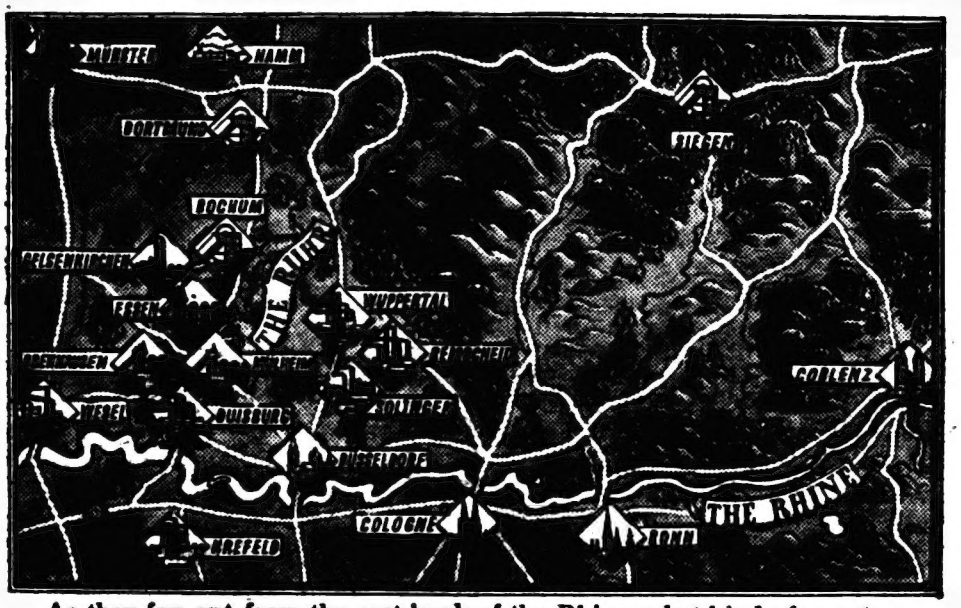
Look In

TELEVISION AFTER THIS WAR will advance as wireless listening did after the last, so everyone is concerned in the Hankey Committee's recommendations.

Few will resent the suggested £1 viewer's fee on top of the 10s. listening fee; but whether television becomes accessible to all will depend on the extent to which mass production cheapens listening sets. This, in turn, is a question of research, about which the Committee is emphatic.

But the essence of any semi-public monopoly like the B.B.C. is that there shall be adequate channels for public complaints, which implies greater power for the Minister answerable to Parliament. On this, the Committee is not helpful.

None the less, the omens are that by 1950 everyone as a matter of course will watch the Derby being run.



As they fan out from the east bank of the Rhine, what kind of country will our Forces find? This self-explanatory map provides the answer

Prosperity Indivisible

PEACE IS INDIVISIBLE, as all the world has learned to its cost; and the San Francisco conference next month, destined to plan (or fail to plan) future collaboration among the nations, might heed the views of the recent Conference of European Socialist Parties.

The Socialists want the nations to get together to organise the world's production, each country achieving maximum output of the kind best suited to its resources, no country being denied its share of raw materials, all working for the ideal of equalising the people's standards of living.

"Main weakness of the Bretton Woods proposals," say the Socialists, "is the artificial separation of the financial aspects of the problem from its economic and social aspects." No financial system, however admirable, is useful unless it conduces to fully expanded output and most widespread sharing of the product.

Houses to Let

PARLIAMENT NEXT WEEK, discussing post-war housing, will be expected by the nation to answer, not only the question "where?" discussed in the leading article on this page, but also the question "how?"

Labour supply can be speeded by planned demobilisation. Ministry of Works' proposals for training school-leavers, first mooted by G. D. H. Cole, can be implemented.

With iron and steel diverted from war purposes, mass production of plumbing and other domestic fittings can begin. Two hundred standard designs for components have already been worked out by technicians at the Ministry under Sir Hugh Beaver and by the British Standards Institution.

A Barter Deal

Timber will be scarce, but Russia has surplus to exchange for some of the output of Britain's superb engineering industry. A barter deal between the Governments would brush aside the obstacles of foreign exchange.

Experts say the German reparation timber Anthony Eden has mentioned could be floated down the Rhine and brought across the North Sea with a minimum of shipping.

Build or Speculate?

Housing is not a question of "nationalisation or private enterprise?"

Private farmers during the war have worked to a national plan, producing food for the Ministry at an agreed price. Private builders after the war can do likewise with houses. Their job is to build, not to speculate.

But it all hangs on a Minister of Housing having control over priorities and power to enforce standardisation of components (not of houses!) He must be to post-war housing what the Ministries of Production and of Supply have been to war time munitions output; his customers will be local authorities, not Fighting Services.

The Receiving End

REPARATIONS FROM GERMANY, about which the Big Three are agreed, present Britain with a problem that does not worry the Russians.

Whether Germany sends Russia blast-furnaces, bicycles or bricklayers, it is all the same to the Soviet; plant and man-power are released for other work. There are no private businesses to be hamstrung. Imports are a clear gain to the nation. In all these respects, Russia's peace time economy applies the tests ours applies in war time.

But whatever goods we take from Germany as reparations, the people here who make those goods will squeal.

Reduce Our Taxes

Even if (as Mr. Eden suggested) we take timber we can't grow here, home business is hit. The timber, sold to British builders on Government account,

JB insurance

AIR RAIDS!

BOMBARDMENT!

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diverts British purchasing power from home-produced goods.

The remedy is to put an additional £ in British pockets for every £'s worth of German goods imported; which could be done by reducing taxation accordingly. Yet no one last time thought of that idea, which is economically sound and would be highly popular.

Post-dated Allowances

NO DATE HAS BEEN FIXED for the Family Allowances Bill to operate; and whether parents ever touch the money may well depend on the outcome of the General Election.

The Labour Party, resisting the temptation to press for a higher figure than 5s. (only 3s. 6d. of 1938 money, and subject to income tax at that!), will try to get the first child included in the benefits; also to have the measure made operative very soon after the German war ends.

Petrol Portent

ELECTION SIGN is the agreement between the main political Parties and the Ministry of Fuel and Power for letting Parliamentary candidates henceforth have petrol sufficient for a monthly mileage of 300 in boroughs and 600 in counties.

It sounds generous; but the arrangement is hedged around with all sorts of restrictions. You may not, for instance, use your car to get from home to the constituency if there is a suitable train or 'bus service.

Double-Barrelled

DINGLE FOOT at the Ministry of Economic Warfare has been a Ministerial colleague of Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health Miss Horsbrugh, with whom he shares the representation of Dundee.

The constituency returns two Members, and every elector has two votes. Last time, Conservative Miss Horsbrugh's supporters gave their second vote to Mr. Foot, while Liberal Mr. Foot's supporters gave their second vote to Miss Horsbrugh. Thus they each polled 50,000 against 45,000 for their two Labour opponents—a slender enough margin. It was their only chance, and it came off.

One of the Labour pair next time will be Squadron-Leader John Strachey, well known to wireless listeners; and since the two Ministers can avoid defeat only by again polling one and one, Mr. Foot's Liberalism can hardly afford to be very "independent."

Unconservative Tory

NEW PERSONALITIES will enliven the House of Commons after retirement or electoral defeat has shed the old. Christopher Hollis—Roman Catholic author son of an Anglican prelate—as Conservative candidate for Devizes is an omen of trouble for future Chancellors of the Exchequer.

His book, "The Breakdown of Money," published in 1934, was an all-out attack on the financial system. He argued that the Bank of England had usurped the functions of Parliament, and asked why Government should not issue money instead of borrowing it from bankers who create it.

Yet he has now slipped through the close-mesh net of Conservative chairman Ralph Assheton.

Briefing Candidates

TRANSPORT HOUSE has its critics, but no one ever imputed incompetence to the Labour Party's Head Office personnel, whose technique all admire though few can emulate.

This week-end sees one of those functions at which Transport House excels, the first of the "General Election Year" conferences at which candidates, M.P.s

BATTLE SCHOOL FOR GUERRILLAS

and Head Office experts will prepare for the coming fight.

Lecturers at the two-day session will be G. R. Shepherd, national agent; Miss Mary Sutherland, woman officer; W. W. Henderson, publicity secretary; and Harold Croft, technical officer.

Old Hands

There is precious little that team doesn't know about the game, and the experience will be salutary for the unsophisticated among the candidates.

Even Parliamentary aspirants include greenhorns, one of whom has just been reported in a county paper as telling a village audience: "When the election comes, I shall ask you to vote for me because . . ."

By thus appealing for votes, he has technically "dated" his election campaign and made himself candidate without "prospective." The legal effect is that, from now on, for him to buy a voter a drink is to ensure the success of an election petition, should he win.

Holiday Priority

HOLIDAY CAMPS will be in greater demand after the war, says the L.N.E. Railway chairman, whose company is ready to build a short branch line for this "remunerative and expanding traffic."

Camps offer a field for genuine competitive private enterprise, meriting high post-war priority. But there must be safeguards against disfigurement of coast or countryside.

Hidden Talent

B.B.C. SCRIPT WRITERS are feeling relieved. If that is the best the 16,000 competitors can do, they say, our jobs are safe.

But are they? If the prize for an Arthur Askey script, instead of £25, had been £250, with a small entrance fee and a reasonable time for adjudication, the outcome might have been different. The B.B.C. can hardly give those scripts as answer to criticism of its own programmes.

New School Year?

STAGGERED SCHOOL HOLIDAYS, with their repercussions on parents, would solve so many problems that mere examination dates must not stand in the way.

Why not run the school year from January to December, with exams. before Christmas?

Kit for Heroes

THE WAR OFFICE took quite literally the JOHN BULL cartoon contrasting a soldier's ample warlike equipment with the £20 worth or so he is given on demobilisation.

Poet's licence becomes, for a cartoonist, the right to caricature. But in fairness we should mention that the £20 worth or so is augmented (as the War Office reminds us) by certain "articles of Army clothing," including cap badge, braces and toothbrush.

State Interference

CONSCRIPTION IS THE one form of control, of State interference with personal liberty, likely to get widespread Conservative approval; but it has many opponents in other Parties.

These think that, though discipline is wholesome, barrack-square regimentation is noxious. They argue that the day of conscript massed battalions has gone; that post-war Forces will be supermechanised, highly technical and well-paid formations of experts—possibly under international control.

And they say pending call-up so unsettles boys as to make them useless to office or workshop in the period between school and service.

Architects of History

BLATCHFORD AND MARX, who did much to mould our own epoch, both have anniversaries this week-end. The one was born on March 17, 1851; the other died on March 13, 1883.

Blatchford's "Merrie England" 50 years ago made Socialists by the hundred thousand. His short words and simple sentences were then a novelty, but the Press has since made them general.

Few even among professed Marxists have waded through the ponderous English translations of the three volumes of "Capital"; but Marx's adherents are to-day counted in tens of millions, and many of them should be interested in an article on page 9 of this issue of JOHN BULL.

Good for Trade

EVERY HOUSEHOLD, it seems, breaks an average of half a dozen milk bottles yearly, so 70,000,000 replacements are needed.

This is serious in war, when manpower is precious, yet in peace time most people would say "good for trade"—as if making or selling things were a worthwhile end in itself, irrespective of utility considerations!

Besides, bad economics in war cannot be good economics in peace; and if the plastics people bring out an unbreakable milk bottle, who shall say it is bad for trade?

Widower Stung

THERE IS NO ACCOUNTING for income-tax vagaries.

A Sheffield widower, for instance, writes to complain that he is treated as a bachelor and gets no housekeeper's allowance, because his full-time housekeeper goes home at night instead of sleeping in.

WHEN HITLER DIES

HITLER has sent a special letter to all members of the Nazi Party, according to Moscow.

"I expect everyone to be ready to sacrifice his life for me," it says. "I am determined in the event of defeat to fall together with my people."

This seems to be the first time Hitler has talked of his own death-in-defeat. But it is not the first time the Nazis have predicted their downfall.

Even before the war the Hitler Youth were singing a popular song which could be roughly translated as follows:

We have risen in blood and thunder,
We claim a right to a hero's death.
The world shall fall asunder
With the fall of its noblest race.

Just as old Attila to shambles fell,
When he brought on Nibelung death and plunder,
Even so all Europe shall be blown to hell,
When the Teuton Master Race goes under.

Not an inspiring battle-cry, you may say. But it fitted in with the gloomy German mentality. The pessimism, as we now see, was justified. But the prediction is not likely to be entirely correct.

The world will not fall asunder when the Nazis and their supreme Leader meet an inglorious death.

BOMBING: HAS IT PAID?

A question of the hour, frankly answered by a brilliant air-writer, pilot in two wars

Air Commodore
A. W. GLENNY, M.C., D.F.C.

Millions of us in this country have personally experienced strategic air bombardment, yet are we any the wiser as to the total effect which such bombing has had on the course of the war?

BOMBER COMMAND has dropped in one week more than the 7,500 tons which fell on Greater London in eleven months of blitz. Germany has survived the onslaught.

Sir Arthur Harris, A.O.C.-in-Chief of the Command, claimed, in June, 1942, that 1,000 bombers a night over Germany would end the war by the autumn. We now see the war being ended in traditional style by land forces.

What is the truth behind it all?

I was one of many who were educated in the R.A.F. doctrine that air-power should be the "hitting arm," land-power the "holding and defensive arm," and sea-power the "carrier arm"—the Carter Paterson of our war effort.

Inter-Service Rivalry

Our text-books never claimed that bombing alone could win victory. But we all believed it could, as near as made no matter—though the only experimental evidence was the bombing in the last war and our air action against tribesmen in Africa and Asia.

We were satisfied that the moral effect of bombing would be tremendous. As for the material effect, we were less sure. What would the destructive power of the big bombs be? We just didn't know. Tests were terribly expensive, nor could the R.A.F. obtain the use of adequate testing-grounds. Someone always said they were a bird sanctuary and turned us out.

I say without hesitation that had the R.A.F. been better treated in these matters the knowledge gained might well have shortened the war.

As things were, there was intense rivalry between the Services to obtain enough money to achieve fighting efficiency. Each Service tended, therefore, to overstate its case. They still do.

For all I know, Sir Arthur Harris's claim that given 1,000 bombers a night he could end the war in three months was a move in the inter-Services game, a bid for public support in getting bomber-production high priority.

I think it is fair to say that in the pre-war years we somewhat over-estimated the effect of bombing both on human will-power and on material. On the other hand, we never imagined that Germany would overrun all Europe, thus enormously increasing the target area and putting a terrible strain on our limited bombing power.

After May, 1940, instead of being able to concentrate on Germany's vitals, Bomber Command had to attack U-boat bases from Norway to the Pyrénées, naval targets from the whole of this huge coastline, and key factories dispersed over vast occupied territories.

During 1940 and 1941 more than 60 per cent. of the Command's effort was diverted from the strategical bombing of Germany to other tasks more immediately urgent.

By Night and by Day

During the "phoney" war the R.A.F. took advantage of the lull to build up its strength; but the enemy was not idle. The Germans dispersed their munitions industries with astonishing thoroughness.

Every inch of useable shop-space—bicycle shops, cobblers, newsagents—was given over to war industry. Vital factories went underground, and salvage and repair services were organised to such a pitch of efficiency that when Allied air attacks began our photographic reconnaissance proved that even the most terribly damaged areas could (if it was decided to reinstate them) be got working again in an average of five months.

Thus our mass attacks faced formidable difficulties. We had fifty major armament centres to reduce, and a vast dispersal system to contend with. Figures now available suggest that during recent operations one ton of bombs was needed to destroy one built-up acre; and that it took one ton of bombs to kill one person—taking the average over any considerable period.

A few lucky hits may kill hundreds, even thousands; but calculation suggests that the results of Berlin's 41,000 tons to date are probably 41,000 people killed, with total destruction of 41,000 acres. Since, until recently, rebuilding was continuous (it is now obviously impossible), by the time Bomber Command was well down its target-list the first targets were back to something like normal.

Should we, then, instead of mass-bombing, have selected some vital part of the German war machine for attack, hoping that by eliminating this essential factor we might cripple the whole?

Oil, or chemicals, or the canal system, or the railway yards—would concentration on any one of these have done the trick?

Theoretically, there is something to be said for this point of view, but in practice there is the overwhelming difficulty of finding smallish targets in darkness. It was made clear early in the war that the fighter so outmatched the bomber that day-raiding was not a paying proposition.

Our first bombers, however, had been designed for day-raiding, and the switch-over to night-ops. called for vastly increased skill in navigation. We acquired the necessary skill, but not immediately. And all the while we were learning the Germans were perfecting their A.R.P. and organising the dispersal of industry.

Fortunately, the Americans had concentrated on daylight bombing. They hoped at first that speed and climb would enable their bombers to get through unescorted. Experience proved the German fighters were far too dangerous. Even when more guns and armour were added to the day-bomber (each extra ounce reducing bomb load) losses were still high.

Only when the long-range fighters, rolling off the production lines, could be sent with the bombers *in equal numbers* were bombing casualties reduced.

It requires an immense effort of production and maintenance to send these lightly loaded bombers and their big fighter escorts over Germany. And fighters are basically not offensive weapons.

The Americans, however, were working on right lines. They had the necessary resources, and they used them wisely. Their day-bombing has fitted in with our night attacks to give Germany no respite; and while we have achieved mass-destruction, they, with their lighter loads, have bombed precisely small and vital targets.

The Fortress, it is true, has a crew of about ten, as compared with our Lancaster's five; it has also a far smaller bomb load. But any disparagement of the American effort on these grounds is ill-founded. Only such methods as theirs could make day-raiding possible, and it is the day and night offensive which has worn the Luftwaffe down.

Only One in Four Bombed Germans

Is the crack coming? It is hard to say. Only 25 per cent. of the German population lives in the fifty munition centres our bombers have visited. Even now only one German in four has felt the real weight of our air-power.

But this does not mean that our bombing has not, in fact, been decisive. Though slower, perhaps, than we hoped, it has triumphed in the long run. Apart from its damage to industry, the million flak-men and A.R.P. squads it has kept on the job might well have turned the scale on the battle-fronts.

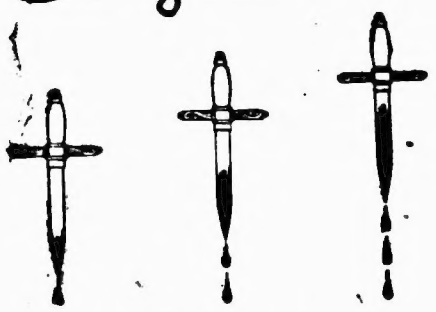
Only when we occupy Germany shall we be able to gauge exactly what Allied bombing has done.

Chief targets for the hammer blows of Bomber Command can be seen here at a glance. Each number expresses, in terms of thousands of tons, the weight of bombs dropped by British-based aircraft up to the end of January, latest date for which official figures are available. Thus, the number 41 against Berlin indicates 41,000 tons.

Comparable American statistics cannot be given, for the U.S.A.A.F. selects specific targets, while the R.A.F. has developed area bombing.

Where Air Marshal Harris has struck his hardest

Argument



MURDER: SHOULD JURIES INDICATE DEGREES OF GUILT?

for

1. Murders are not alike. Probably in no type of crime are there more varied degrees of guilt.

2. As the law stands, a jury finds guilty of murder a man who has killed in sudden anger, and a poisoner who has watched his victim's agonies.

3. The duty of the jury is at present confined to deciding fact, but should not the jurors, as representing the public conscience, pronounce also on relative guilt?

4. A judge can only administer the law, whereas a jury can make a decision which, though illogical from a strictly legal standpoint, may yet be undoubtedly right.

5. Citizens on a jury often suffer intensely when convicted men and women are executed whom they thought would be saved by their recommendation to mercy. If a jury desires mercy, why should the law decree differently?

6. Decision as to life and death, now so often left to the Home Secretary, is too great a responsibility for one man to face.

7. Capital punishment, which many people consider essential to public safety, is open to dangerous attacks because of the too rigid fashion in which it is at present administered.

against

1. No one who has any experience of the odd behaviour of juries would wish to complicate their task.

2. At present they have only to decide on fact, but the judge has often the greatest difficulty in making their duties clear to them.

3. To distinguish the finer shades of guilt calls for trained, experienced minds, not common among "twelve good men and true."

4. Verdicts are too often a compromise, and the existence of degrees of guilt increases the likelihood of this. A juror who has any doubt as to guilt should not be pressed to accept a lesser verdict. If there is doubt a prisoner should go free.

5. United States experience shows that when the crime of murder cannot be denied, the existence of alternatives to the capital verdict leads to long emotional pleas which confuse the issue.

6. In considering reprieve, a Home Secretary has the help of expert advisers, including the judge who tried the case.

7. Law depends on precedent—that is, every decision made tends to govern future decisions. Under the "degrees of guilt" system, different juries come to such widely different conclusions that a maze of contradictions is introduced into the working of the law.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. Hugh Dalton, M.P.,

President, Board of Trade

DEAR MR. DALTON,—The first big step towards full employment after the war has been taken. Your Distribution of Industry Bill is well calculated to ensure that never again shall whole areas of Great Britain be afflicted with widespread trade depression, entailing a vast amount of preventible human suffering.

Significant indeed is the welcome given to the Bill by Sir Montague Barlow, author of the famous Report which bears his name, and by such prominent business men as Viscount Ridley, chairman of the North-East Development Council, and Sir Steven Bilsland, chairman of the Scottish Council on Industry.

Both the North-East Coast and Scotland suffered more than their share of industrial depression before 1939; and though, for reasons possibly defensible, neither district has received a due proportion of wartime Government factories, both may expect to do better after the war, thanks to your Bill.

There is .. limit to the human benefit to be derived from gathering large populations into continuous built-up localities. It is not good that children, for instance, should never see green fields or hear wild birds sing. Nor is it desirable that workers should spend (as so many do) as much as two hours a day travelling between home and work.

Because of these considerations, it is high time to call a halt to the monstrous growth of London and other cities. If "money, like muck, is best spread," the same is true of population; and the strategical lessons of the last five years, underlined by V-weapons, has emphasised that truth.

Social waste, too, is involved when a locality loses industries. Schools, churches, inns, drainage systems—all become more or less redundant; yet all have to be provided anew and at much expense in developing industrial districts.

That alone is good reason for preventing (as your Bill will do) the industrial development of new areas while less than full use is being made of social amenities in existing industrial localities.

The nation hopes this Bill is but an instalment of a spate of bold, imaginative, constructive legislation for post-war development.—JOHN BULL.

Madeleine Carroll,

Ex-Film Actress

DEAR MISS CARROLL,—You made history as the first Hollywood actress to give up a film career for full-time war work in the Red Cross. Now the call of your 200 children—

Madeleine Carroll won't be seen on the films again

war orphans and refugees at your home near Paris—is so insistent that you have decided to finish with film-making.

"Between the children and a life of luxury in Hollywood," you declare, "there can be only one choice." I agree.

Here are my congratulations on realising that any child is worth more than a million feet of "super—colossal—stupendous" film that the producers call an epic.—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

THE LAST LAP

GOLF MATCHES, they say, are won and lost on the green. It doesn't matter very much what you do along the fairway, as long as you can sink your putt first time. More races are won and lost in the last few yards than inexperienced people might think.

The first step may count, as the French say. But it is the last lap that really tells.

Do you recall that rather bitter little verse by John Galsworthy?

A man fell in the heat,
Out of the race he ran,
Knowing well he was not beat,
O God! was *I* that man?

There comes a moment in every human endeavour, whether it be a race, a game, or a job of work, when it hardly seems worth while going on. We've all experienced it. We've felt inclined to ease off, to go slack, to rest—maybe to say "Oh, well, that'll do. Why bother to go on?"

That's the crucial moment. That's the time for that little bit of something extra that makes all the difference between success and failure.

When you come to think of it, there's nothing sillier nor weaker than to fall out knowing we're not beaten. We know we can do just a bit more if we try—and there's a name for knowing and not trying!

Rt. Hon. Sir James Grigg, M.P.,

Minister of War

DEAR SIR,—If reports be true that the War Office has banned "Waterloo Road" for exhibition to the troops because this fine British film deals with the infidelity of a soldier's wife, then it's time the country put a ban on someone at the War Office.

Do your advisers really think that by banning a film they can hide from our fighting men a fact they already know—that a small percentage of wives will almost always go to the bad, war or no war?

How long are you going to treat the soldier as a half-wit or a schoolboy? Surely he puts up with enough badgering and discipline without his meagre entertainment being regimented too?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Ernest Bevin, M.P.,

Minister of Labour

DEAR MR. BEVIN,—You are doing what you can for the retraining of disabled ex-Servicemen so as to fit them happily into post-war civilian life. The help you welcome most is that which takes the form of suggested avenues for these men's employment.

Scientific laboratories of many kinds throughout this country and in the British Dominions are facing the problem of staffing after the war. They are short of the type of person who can do the technical work: the grade variously termed "laboratory assistants" or "laboratory stewards."

The work calls for mechanical skill and aptitude, combined with sound technical training—which, however, need not be of a very advanced character.

Ever since the start of the war the Services have been giving large numbers of men precisely the kind of training that renders them very suitable as candidates for laboratory posts.

Radar, for instance, is an appropriate avenue to employment in a physical laboratory. The Royal Army Medical Corps has been training malarial workers, men expert in blood transfusion, and others whose wartime experience would suit them for work in medical research, biological and kindred laboratories at home or in the British countries overseas.

These jobs are usually of such a nature that a wounded man's disability need not unfit him for the work, and that is where your Ministry comes in.

Wartime experience has proved that very many of our young people have sufficient mechanical aptitude to profit from manipulative instruction. To that type of individual the technical training usually proves congenial.

Up and down Great Britain there is an abundance of secondary school and other facilities for imparting the necessary theory to the trainees. It is mainly a question of bringing together an unsatisfied demand and an unfulfilled desire; and who more adept at that than the Ministry of Labour?—JOHN BULL.

LET THE PEOPLE KNOW

Vital information is being withheld on the excuse of "National Security." This dangerous tendency is growing fast. It clearly threatens our liberty

by DAVID J. MURPHY

"INFORMATION VITALLY AFFECTING the lives of the people is withheld or distorted as a routine exercise of modern statecraft."

Those are strong words. They form part of a statement recently issued by the Roman Catholic Bishops of England, Wales, and Scotland. And they are unhappily very true.

In recent years, and particularly since the war began, the official secrecy-mania has become a widespread, international disease, which if not checked may imperil the peace for which we have sacrificed so much.

We all accept without question the secrecy essential to security. We know that in time of war there are innumerable facts which the enemy must not be told. There is not one of us who would jeopardise the life of a single Serviceman for the sake of acquiring information.

But the keeping secret of national obligations, of treaty clauses and "understandings," may be a very different matter.

Government for the People

Many of the Yalta decisions were military, and knowledge of them would be of incalculable value to the enemy. But what about the political agreements? We know what to expect as far as Poland is concerned. Was nothing else decided? If other decisions *were* made, why hide the facts from the ordinary man?

Already the authoritative "Army and Navy Journal" in America is declaring that the Yalta Conference agreed upon other distributions of territory, including the cession to Jugoslavia by Italy of the ports of Trieste and Fiume.

Such a clause might easily be a future cause of friction. We might be drawn into war over it —without knowing till the critical moment that we were committed.

Fundamental to democracy is the principle that government exists for the people, and that every act of a democratic government is in response to the people's will. But how can people make up their minds if the very facts on which to base a judgment are hidden from them?

The Germans Knew Already

The secrecy epidemic has spread to every part of our national life, from the Government Department down to the smallest rural council.

Often secrecy is insisted on for reasons plainly absurd.

On November 30 last year, Princess Elizabeth launched our mightiest battleship — but the vessel's name was kept secret. The reason given was that the information would help the enemy.

Yet almost every inhabitant of Clydeside knew that the ship was the *Vanguard*, and in a very short time the Germans were mentioning the name in their broadcasts. Finally, on March 1, the accuracy of these enemy statements was confirmed.

The name of the ship was the *Vanguard*, we were solemnly informed. Yet if the information was important to the enemy, why reveal the name at all? The whole handling of the affair was completely inconsistent. The battleship cannot be ready for action in less than two years, by which time the war should be a memory.

What could possibly have happened between November 30 and March 1 to justify the release of this "secret"? The Home Office and Ministry of Home Security have in recent times been gripped by a mania for secrecy.

There was the Bethnal Green shelter disaster which occurred in March, 1943. The results of the official inquiry were not revealed until nearly two years later. Was the secrecy justified? The Master of the Rolls, Lord Greene, in the Court of Appeal, declared that: "Nothing is more important than the public administration of justice, and if ever there was a case where open justice was of the highest importance it was this case."

Then there was the scandal of the Remand Homes. A committee of inquiry was set up—and all its sittings were secret. But when its report was published, there was no secrecy about rebuking the magistrates who originally called attention to the scandal. The magistrates had committed the worst sin of all—they brought in the Press.

Those Secret Committees

There has recently been an inquiry into allegations concerning the Huddersfield Borough Police. This is another Home Office matter, and again the investigating tribunal has sat in secret. Whether its decisions are ever published depends solely upon the Home Office.

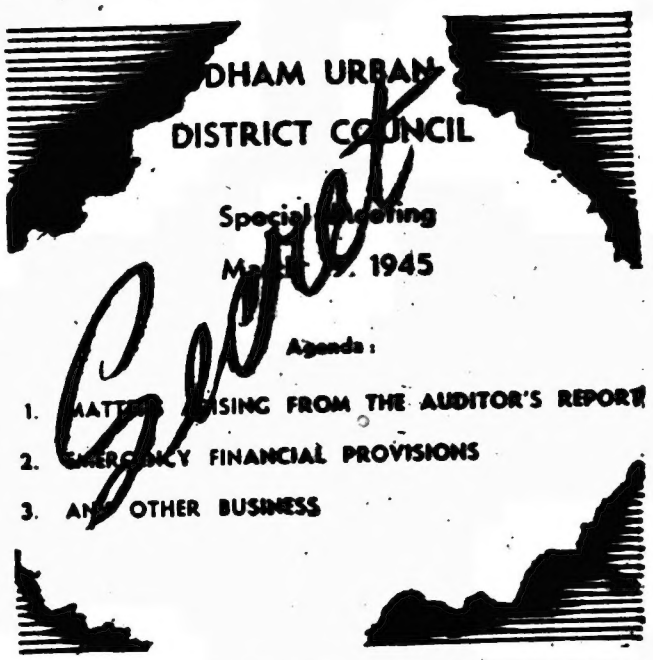
Turn now to the coal problem. An American Coal Mission visited this country last year to investigate our mining problems, and duly issued a report which, it is said, contained many penetrating criticisms. But that report, in which every one of us would be interested, has never been published, and probably never will be.

In the meantime, however, our production of coal will go on declining, and thousands of households will stay cold through lack of fuel.

With such examples from on high to inspire them, is it any wonder that local councils in many parts of the country have now become deeply infected with the secrecy virus, and are behaving in a way that is the absolute negation of democracy.

One widespread practice is to delegate business to committees, from which, by standing orders, the Press can be excluded. But these committees are often made up of the entire council!

An Essex council was recently denounced in a local paper for "the amazing performance of



actually cutting out notes in documents to ensure that the Press shall have no knowledge of what payments or conditions are arranged for those engaged in the public service."

That is about on a par with the behaviour of a rural district council. At a secret committee meeting, the councillors appointed a man to fill a vacancy on the council without even allowing the names of candidates for the vacancy to be known!

Even plans which vitally affect ratepayers may be kept from them. The daily Press reported recently that at Harwich, Essex, all decisions about post-war building, development, reconstruction and the replanning of the seafront to attract holidaymakers will be taken by two committees, from whose meetings the newspapers and public will be excluded.

One councillor protested: "You are hammering nails into the coffin of democracy."

We all know that peace will bring vast problems.

Soon the people of this country will go to the polls to elect a government. That government will face as crucial a period of office as it is possible to imagine.

But how are we—through our votes—to express our reasoned opinions if we are kept ignorant of matters that bear on the lives of every one of us?

We Deserve the Facts

That American coal report, for example, might contain the most impressive and convincing argument for nationalisation—or it might not. It is a report of experts who are right outside the clash of competing interests between miners and owners, and its publication might easily make all the difference to our individual opinions. But it is shrouded in secrecy.

What other facts are being hidden from us? To what have we been committed in European affairs? Are we to be told, or are we a mass of blinkered automatons for whom officials and politicians do the thinking?

This is a serious matter, and we can ignore it only at our peril and the peril of our children. We live in a democracy, and we have an unfettered right to know what is being done in our name.

The old ideas of secret diplomacy are dead. They hurried the world into the grimmest period of its history. We must take care that they are never resurrected. In the new world we are promised there is one cardinal principle we must enforce: The first duty of any government is to give the people the facts.

Pointers in the Fight Against Secrecy

THE exclusion of the Press from local council business by the device of sitting "in committee" (although the committee includes the whole council) is no new thing.

As long ago as 1930, the Local Authorities (Admission of the Press) Bill, drawn up to amend an Act of 1908, contained the proposal "that a meeting of a committee consisting of the whole of the members of an authority shall be regarded as a meeting of the authority." It did not get beyond a second reading in the House.

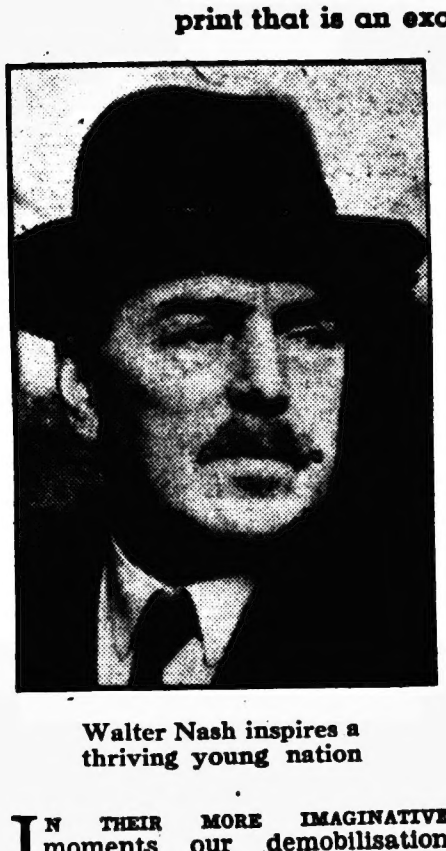
In 1942, Ernest Brown, Minister of Health, issued a circular to local authorities stressing "the desirability on the broadest grounds, of avoiding any withdrawal or restriction of facilities hitherto afforded to the Press except in cases where this is necessary under present conditions for reasons of national security. . . ."

The circular went on: ". . . and further that, where for administrative convenience, matters . . . are finally dealt with by the emergency committee, the question of admitting the Press to the committee's proceedings demands careful consideration."

As recently as April last year, Herbert Morrison said in a speech at Newcastle, "Don't tolerate the local authority committee which suppresses information. It should rightly report to the council and the public. British local government is a high and simple form of democracy; and yet it is amazing how at times it is side-stepped. Beware of that."

HOW TO TREAT EX-SERVICEMEN

From New Zealand comes a social blueprint that is an example to the Empire



Walter Nash inspires a thriving young nation

IN THEIR MORE IMAGINATIVE moments our demobilisation experts visualise a land where every completely disabled man gets £4 15s. a week. In this land of promise they conjure up £500 for every ex-soldier who wants to start a business.

They press on to give every soldier his old job back in the public services, plus the maximum promotion which could have occurred while he was away.

In this dreamland they see twenty-eight days' demobilisation leave—not on one guinea a week, but on £2 12s. And five guineas a week paid to every ex-soldier training for a new job, with £15,000 available for buying or building a new house. . . .

This dreamland! *But it is no longer just a dream.* It has become reality.

No, not in Britain. We have to go to New Zealand to see this plan come out of cloud-cuckoo-land into real life.

Born in England

This tiny nation, with less than 2,000,000 people, is putting forward one of the most daring post-war schemes for its fighting men that the world has ever known. The six-point plan just outlined is part of it.

In the last twenty years New Zealand has become the social laboratory of the world.

To-day her men of vision are admitted to be statesmen of a very high order.

Among them stands the Hon. Walter Nash, sixty-three-year-old member of the New Zealand Labour Party. He was born in Kidderminster, England.

When Nash arrived in New Zealand in 1909 the Labour Party had one representative in Parliament. The total votes recorded for Labour amounted to less than 16,000. By 1935 the first New Zealand Labour Government was returned with fifty-three out of the eighty seats. Nash became Minister of Finance.

Now he has written a book, *New Zealand. A Working Democracy* (*J. M. Dent*, 8s. 6d.). It tells the inspiring story of the first real approach towards a new way of life.

No Extremes

I have quoted six of New Zealand's post-war planning points. There are many others.

They aim to absorb at least one-half of the fighting men in new projects when they are demobilised. They have huge land improvement schemes, road building programmes for isolated districts, and hydro-electric plans.

These are not just public works. They are projects linked with the expansion of consumable goods and services. By this means New Zealand hopes to avoid anything in the nature of unemployment relief jobs.

Even their demobilisation "deferred-pay" system is on a very different scale from our own. The New Zealand private gets roughly £18 for every year of service. The English private gets £9.

All maternity treatment in public hospitals in New Zealand does not cost the patient a penny. If a mother prefers to have her child at home, then a nurse is provided free of charge for fourteen days before childbirth, and for a time afterwards. All medicines normally necessary are free.

In the matter of money, the author says, "There are no great extremes of wealth and poverty in New Zealand. Less than 1 per cent. of income taxpayers have incomes of £2,000 or more per annum, whilst the average income is sufficient to ensure a good standard of living for all."

There is one paragraph of great importance in this book: "When a member of the Forces returns from abroad *he cannot be discharged from the Services* until a war pension has been granted, or he has found suitable employment, or until financial aid has been granted . . . to carry him along until he has re-established himself."

It is not only a question of—*Can our* plans be as generous and enlightened as those of New Zealand? *They should be.*

VINCENT BROME.

Most people think of New Zealand as an agricultural country, but fine new cities such as Auckland are growing up in the Dominion

Thousands of Britons are among Hitler's potential hostages. Here some of them are peeling potatoes in Stalag XX A

HITLER'S HOSTAGES

by A. G. Gardiner

AS HITLER'S FORTRESS CRUMBLES to its fall in "hideous ruin and combustion" one thought is common to all the countries that look on at the terrific spectacle. What is happening, what is likely to happen to our kindred who are imprisoned in the holocaust?

They are hostages in the hands of desperate criminals who are now fighting for one single purpose—to save their own necks. Yesterday they were an asset to Hitler. To-day they are a menace.

But they are a menace that can be exploited so long as Himmler's thugs keep their stranglehold on Germany. Their number is legion and they come from all lands.

It is estimated that, all told, Hitler, in the years of his triumph, swept twelve million aliens into his fortress-prison. Many are prisoners of war taken in battle, but the vast majority are civilians who have been driven like slaves from their homelands to till the land and keep the war machine of Germany working at its maximum.

The fate of these unfortunates as the pincers close in upon Germany is the subject of anxious concern. Our own share in the tragedy is happily small.

Since Dunkirk we have lost no great bodies of troops to the enemy, and almost alone of the European countries we have escaped the slave raids upon civilian populations.

We Are Lucky

Russia, France and Poland have suffered most severely. There are still at least a million French soldiers in the hands of the Germans, in addition to the host of civilians whom the Vichy traitors sent into exile at the bidding of their masters.

The proportion of Poles cannot be less, and that of the Russians is vastly greater.

And their case is much harder than that of the British or the French. Even in the last war, the Germans discriminated against the Russian prisoners mercilessly as compared with those of the Western Powers, and in this war they have turned the screw on the "Bolsheviks" still more ruthlessly.

An example of this is furnished in one of the concentration camps rescued by the Russians in which of a thousand prisoners released no fewer than 400 were too ill to be moved.

But it is not the rank-and-file of their victims that are the immediate concern of Hitler and the Nazi chiefs. It is their influential "hostages" that are occupying their thoughts.

And this for a very obvious reason. The war is lost, and they are exploring the possibilities that remain of saving their own skins.

Escaping the Hangman

All the indications point to the idea of a desperate last stand in the southern Bavarian hill country, with Berchtesgaden as the central fastness of the stricken "gods."

That is the sort of Wagnerian romanticism that appeals to the lurid imagination of Hitler; but neither he nor his fellow-gangsters are likely to make their exit in "the Roman way."

It is true that Goebbels has just told the German people that if the war is lost he and the rest of the gang will die with "their people."

Fiddlesticks. They will die if they must, but no one in Germany or out of Germany mistakes Goebbels, Himmler, Ribbentrop and the rest of the Hitler entourage for men who will perish for a cause, if by any trick they can escape the hangman.

And this brings us back to the "hostages" as the only possible means of dodging the executioner.

Hitler has in his power a handful of very valuable gambling counters. He collected them in the days when the sun shone and everything looked lovely in the garden.

He has kept them for possible bargaining uses, and the time for bargaining has come. He has a couple of kings in his hand—Leopold of Belgium and Christian of Denmark.

King Leopold is regarded as the ach

he hostage trumps, and is treated rdingly. Removed from his coun- and separated from his children, s secreted in some Bavarian castle, too remote, we may suppose, from chtesgaden.

hen there is ex-Chancellor Schusch- of Austria, who was the first fish landed in Hitler's net.

or years his fate and his where- nts have alike been unknown. But it seems he has emerged from his ary confinement, is allowed to see wife, and is generally getting more iderate treatment.

he reason? Well, he is *persona* d to the Vatican, and perhaps may nduced to mediate for the Nazis h the Pope.

Stalin's Son

mong the other hostages of value Djugaskvilli Stalin, the captured of the Russian Premier and mar- and a nephew of Mr. Churchill. ex-Premiers of France, Blum and dier, are included in the abundant h of French celebrities who may e their bargaining value.

val and Pétain are also carefully ed away in South Germany, ugh it can hardly be supposed that r fate will concern anybody that ters.

n the other hand, it would seem Admiral Horthy is regarded by the is as a useful hostage.

n all there are understood to be ething like half a hundred dis- uished captives of one sort or ther who may be regarded as im- ant counters in the last gamble.

is suggested by certain correspon- ts in Paris, Stockholm and else- re that the Nazis are putting for- d a scheme by which a safe exit n Germany is to be guaranteed to pecific number of Nazi chiefs and h-ranking Army officers in ex- nge for the freedom of important even unimportant prisoners of war deportees.

the proposal is rejected the hos- s will suffer. It is even stated that fishy gentleman, Dr. Schacht, is witzerland as the mediator in this ious intrigue.

venture to doubt these guesses. I ot think highly of the Nazi intelli- ce; but it is not lacking in low ning, and it is not likely that it has mitted itself to so crude and ant an offer.

ut there is no doubt that, in its pre- forlorn position, it will try to oit the "hostage" card to the ost, both by threats and bribes.

Another Hitler Blunder

ut Hitler has delayed the hostage ble too long. Nothing that he can do by that expedient can avert imminent doom.

is to be feared that the millions hostages, prisoners and captives e, who have been caught in these th-throes of a nation, have still vous things to endure.

one of us can be indifferent to their The only vehicle of access to them e Red Cross, whose work of mercy the barbarians have respected.

his is a moment when that work ld be prosecuted with redoubled gies, both in relieving immediate ssities and in organising the flight n the Bastille falls and the flood efugees is let loose.

hat moment is near. The Rhine is the fall of Berlin is imminent, any day may sound the death- e of Hitler's Third Reich.

They All Want to Play Karl Marx

by Kieran Tunney

Two young Englishmen find a great story in a drab life which shook the world

On March 14, 1883, Karl Marx died in London. Very few people had heard of him. *The Times* mentioned his death and gave a few lines to his life story—but most of the facts were wrong.

Yet this was the man whose books were to shake the world, reshaping the lives of millions.

Now, sixty-two years later, they are making a film about him.

Two young Englishmen have the job in hand, Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat—a script-writing and directing team who have turned out some of the liveliest films made in this country. They made "The Lady Vanishes," "Night Train to Munich," "Millions Like Us," "Waterloo Road."

Now they are tackling the biggest job of their career, the screen biography of the great Communist philosopher, whose book, *Das Kapital*—a ruthless attack on capitalist society—was the text-book of the men who built the new Russia.

Facts Not Fiction

Ironically enough, the money for the venture will come from Arthur Rank, financial colossus of British films. Thus the screen version of the life of the sworn foe of big business will bear the credit title: Distributed in the United States of America (for the film will certainly have a big showing in the U.S.A.) by the General Finance Corporation.

How Marx would have relished that!

"A powerful, shaggy, untamed old man. . . ."

That is how Hyndman, founder of the Social Democratic Federation, described Marx in his later years. The power of that huge analytical mind made a deep impression on all who knew him.

His life was not exciting viewed from the surface—most of the exciting things in it happened in his mind. Can they be put on the screen? Gilliat and Launder say that they can, are convinced that there is a world-public for the film they are planning.

They are determined to stick to the facts, however unpromising as screen material the facts may seem. The theme is too big for any falsehood, they say. So there will be no slices of Hollywood-history in their film story.

Black and White

Karl Marx's mode of life changed little during the thirty-four years he spent in this country. Every morning he arose at seven, drank several cups of black coffee, and then retired among his books, reading and writing till two in the afternoon. In the earlier days, while he still had good health, he spent whole days in the British Museum, ceaselessly collecting the facts on which he based his long indictment of Capitalism.

Often he experienced great poverty, but nothing deterred him from his work.

He was dogged by the secret police of the Continental Powers. He lived in the drabness and misery of Soho.

He will not appear on the screen against a background of glorious Technicolor. Launder and Gilliat feel that the shabby gloom of the mean streets, the grey poverty of those for whom Marx struggled, can best be caught by normal camera tones. They aim at the highest levels of black-and-white photography.

That is a right decision.

Listen to this description written by a Prussian spy who managed to worm his way into Marx's rooms in Dean Street—in those days one of the saddest and cruellest neighbourhoods in London:

> "He occupies two rooms. There is not one clean or decent piece of furniture in either room, everything is broken, tattered and torn, with thick dust over everything. . . . Manuscripts, books, newspapers, lie beside the children's toys, bits and pieces from his wife's sewing basket, cups with broken rims, dirty spoons, knives, forks, lamps, an inkpot, tumblers, pipes, tobacco-ash, all piled up on the same table. On entering the room smoke and tobacco fumes make your eyes water to such an extent that at first you seem to be groping about in a cavern."

There is the scene, which careful research will reconstruct in every detail. Colour is not the right medium for such a picture.

Who will the star be?

When they first started work the two writers feared that none of the big names would want to be associated with so grim and unemotional a picture. They would have to find some unknown actor of genius, they thought, and give him his chance. There was no hope of getting an established star.

They were wrong.

Who Will Star?

No sooner did the whisper of their plans get around than their telephone started ringing. "Marx? A giant of a man," said one casting authority. "The actor who plays him will be world-famous overnight. You can have anyone you want who isn't tied up by a contract."

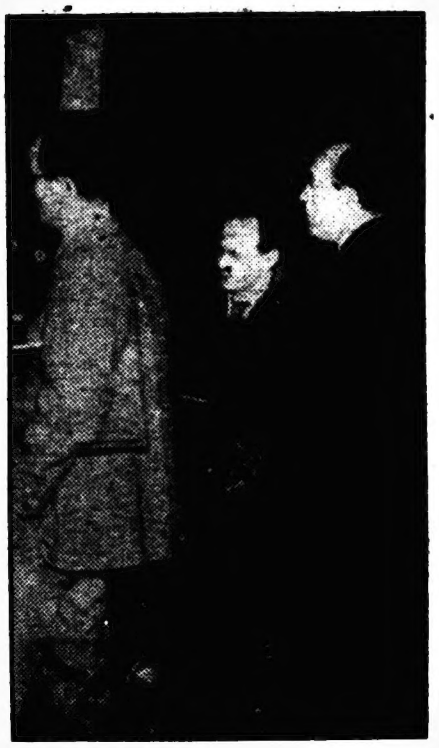
That's more or less the position. Despite the present shortage of players, which means that most leading men can pick and choose their parts, there is not one player of standing suited to the part of Marx who wouldn't throw up a far more lucrative job for a chance of interpreting the character.

"Which shows," said Launder, "that actors are more interested in appearing in worth-while films than in making money."

Two famous names are in the running for the part—Paul Muni and James Mason. Each is an actor of first-rate quality, both resemble passably Marx as a young man.

Muni, who has been neglected by Hollywood recently, would be a wise choice from the point of view of the American market. On the other hand, he is rather a stock-casting—the public have seen him too often in the part of a famous man. Still, his Zola was a fine performance. He has never yet let his director down.

James Mason is the young Englishman whose stock has rocketed following virile performance in "Hatter's Castle," "The Man in Grey," "Fanny by Gaslight."



Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat are now about to make the most important film of their career

He is enthusiastic about the film as Launder and Gilliat have sketched it out for him. "A refreshing change," he says, "from the usual glorified hokum. I want to play Marx because I believe that ideas as well as actions can be got across on the screen. And because I think the film has got to be made, and that Launder and Gilliat are the right men to do it."

How it Started

Now for a word about the story.

It starts with modern Russia. Tanks roll across the screen, there are marching men, soldiers and workers. Then come the tractors, a vast panorama of mechanised harvesting. Factories, fields, rivers. . . . Russia unrolls before you, a giant nation of socialist republics, where men and women labour only for the State.

What was the start of all this?

The camera moves swiftly back through time to Marx, the young man, obscure, ordinary, uncertain of himself; yet a fighter for liberty, always learning.

One by one you see him build from his own experience the ideas which were to shatter the Czarist world.

It is a fine treatment, but in the last moment of the film comes the greatest thrill.

A Man's Signature

Marx is dead. In the British Museum, where he had sat so often, the camera moves along the endless shelves until it finds the books which bear his name.

Das Kapital. K. Marx.

A thick-set man, foreign in appearance, guttural in voice, approaches the bored attendant.

"I wish to consult the works of Karl Marx."

"Name?"

The screen reveals a strong, fierce-eyed Mongolian face. The voice is indistinct, but the camera moves to the attendant's hand slowly inscribing the name in the official book.

The blotter is used and then withdrawn.

The name is Lenin.

The sentry flashed his torch through the window

Secret MISSION

When you read in the war news of a man who has parachuted into enemy territory on a secret mission, don't you wonder about his feelings? Here, told as fiction, is the story of Peter, one of a small band of little-known heroes

by
ARTHUR KOESTLER
ILLUSTRATED BY HOROWICZ

THE CAR, ITS headlights dimmed to a thin beam, pulled up at the gate to the aerodrome. The sentry, stepping out of his pillbox, flashed his torch through the window, and, recognising the officer next to Peter, saluted. He asked no questions as to Peter's identity.

The iron gate opened and closed behind them. They drove on for another half-mile, past some dark and cheerless huts, and halted in front of a low concrete structure with a corrugated iron roof.

"Well, here we are," said the officer, stepping out of the car. It was the first sentence he had spoken since, about twenty minutes ago, they had given up the effort to maintain a conversation.

Peter got out after him. A thin rain was drizzling, the obscurity around them was complete and saturated with the faint humming of a 'plane, flying probably very high above the clouds.

The officer opened one of the doors of the hut. They entered a room containing two dilapidated leather armchairs, a table covered with green baize on which lay several illustrated magazines with torn covers, a draught-board and two books, which, as their binding showed, had formerly belonged to a circulating library. There were also several odd chairs, an iron stove, and a table lamp with a paper lampshade, which, set too close to the bulb, was burnt in several places.

"Make yourself comfortable," said the officer, and disappeared into the adjoining room, from which came the noise of billiards balls faintly clicking and rolling into the pockets.

PETER SAT DOWN in one of the armchairs and opened an illustrated magazine.

He felt as if he were sitting in a hospital waiting-room with that queer flutter in heart and bladder. Presently the officer returned, followed by another one.

"Here is your pilot," he said, and, turning to his colleague: "This is your passenger."

While they shook hands, the other gave Peter a look of concealed curiosity. He was about Peter's age; his thin, rather pinched face made one think of a bank clerk or bookkeeper, but there was a certain jauntiness, bordering on conceit, in his carriage. Two buttons of his battle-dress were undone, and he held a short pipe in his hand which, the act of introduction completed, he replaced at once between his teeth.

"They are checking up," he said. "We'll be ready to start in about half an hour."

Peter nodded. He couldn't think of anything to say. The two officers were standing about with an irresolute air, and finally moved to a corner where they started talking about Service matters without taking very much notice of him. Peter felt that their matter-of-factness was meant to be tactful, but he found that they were rather overdoing it. That weird hospital feeling increased, and so did the physical sensations which went with it. It reminded him of the occasion when he had been operated on for appendicitis. While he had waited to be lifted from the stretcher to the operating table the doctors and nurses had gone on with their interminable washings of hands, chatting among themselves without paying any attention to him, as if to demonstrate what an ordinary, trivial business it was.

AND NOW, JUST AS THEN, he wished they wouldn't be afraid of spreading a little warmth, even of making a little fuss of him—instead of behaving as if he, who after all was the main person concerned, were the only one who had nothing to do with it.

Presently they both left the room and Peter was again alone. In the other room they had started playing ping-pong; the noise of the celluloid balls hitting the table had the depressing monotony of a dripping tap.

A girl in a blue uniform with a pale, sulky face came in with a cup of tea. "Sugar, sir?" she asked.

"Yes, please," said Peter, and cleared his throat, unpleasantly surprised at the thickness of his voice.

He would have liked to talk a little with the girl, but did not know how to start. Her legs in the grey cotton stockings were shapeless. She put the teacup on the green baize of the table and left the room without having looked at him.

Was this discretion, he wondered, caused by the confidential nature of his mission—or was it rather the instinct which makes people avert their eyes from those marked by sickness or worse? He remembered being told how, during exercise in a prison courtyard, prisoners always avoided looking in the direction of the condemned cell.

He tried the tea; it was too sweet, but it was hot and he eagerly emptied the cup. He would have liked a second one, but did not want to enter the other room. He took a letter from his pocket which he had begun to write that morning but had not been in the mood to finish. If he did not do it now, it would never reach its destination.

The door of the other room opened and the young pilot put his head through. "We shall be ready in ten minutes," he said. "O.K. with you?"

The minutes ticked away.

The door was opened again. The young pilot's face was slightly more tense now, and his gait a trifle more jaunty than before.

"Well, here we go, young man," he said cheerfully.

"HERE WE GO," thought the young man, and, leaning his body forward in an awkward movement, jumped.

He fell, knees pulled up to his belly, turning over in somersaults through the roaring slip-stream; then, sinking into quieter air, his body straightened out into a diver's arch and the close spiral of his fall uncoiled itself, shot out into a meteoric path—a meteor unlit and soft traversing the atmosphere.

For a second, while his curled-up body spun through the air, he had thought that he was falling upwards, away from the earth. He had reached out with his arm through the void, to cling to the flying raft, already far away; then he had pulled the rip-cord.

Presently he saw a shape spring into life over his head; a flower unfolding and expanding between him and the stars. Something hit him hard between the thighs, just as the dark water-surface hits you when you jump from a height into the sea. His body jerked, went rigid, then limp; he now hung erect, suspended under the sky.

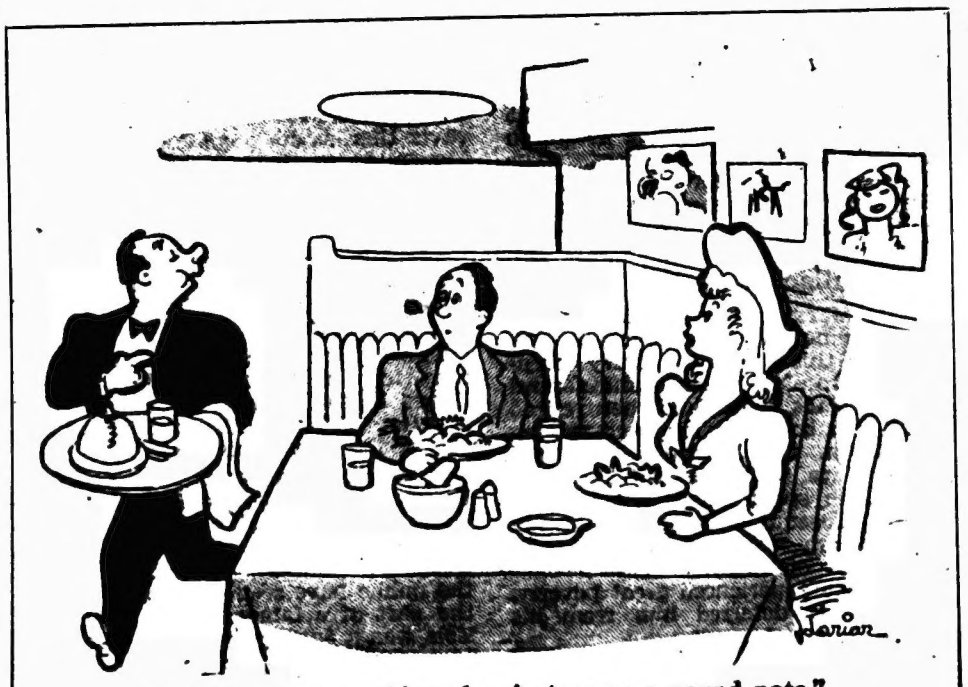
He looked upward where the big grey flower spread its petals in the air. The whole firmament was moving; the horizon tilted into a slope, then paused and slowly turned on to its other side.

He was sitting in a swing, suspended from that softly sinking flower. Thus he had sat as a child, in the old swing between two trees of his mother's garden; the ropes creaked on the thick branches as he rocked himself forward and back, dreaming of the things he was to accomplish.

He might never know whether he succeeded or failed and there was no scale to measure the value of his deed. All he could hope for was that his mission might succeed, but it was better to think of that only at certain moments; and this was not one of them.

For he had other thoughts to occupy his mind while he was gently swaying and falling, as a leaf falls to the ground at night, under the incurious stars.

From "Arrival and Departure" (Jonathan Cape).



"If you need anything else, just wave a pound note"

OW TO RELIEVE THE TRAIN ON DOCTORS

y Dr. GREVILLE PARK

CIVILIAN DOCTORS are more than busy. A number have died rom overwork. If yours gets ill here is probably no substitute, nd you will have to go without. o treat him kindly!

These things are urgent: baby ases, severe abdominal pain, earache a child. Accidents are fairly rgent, but a First Aider should be ble to cope with them. Heart ttacks may not be urgent if the atient is rested quietly. There is othing a doctor can do *immediately* bout a stroke or a fit.

In other cases, let him know you ant him before he starts out in he morning. Don't "hope you'll get etter" and then ring up in the vening. Don't get him out at night nless it's desperate—he can't do a ay's work after a bad night any nore than you can.

Be Considerate!

Don't buttonhole him in the street. He can't examine you on the pave- nent. Do go at his regular surgery ours, and not when it's convenient o you. Don't get in a flap about ertificates. It won't hurt your em- ployer to wait forty-eight hours for ne.

Don't breathe or cough in his face. Turn away when he is examining ou. He is no more immune to germs han you are.

Auntie Can Wait

When he is in the house, don't ay: "As you are here, perhaps you'd ive Auntie a thorough overhaul, she asn't been well for six months." He can't refuse, and you are making im late for an appointment. You hould have told him about Auntie hen you sent for him.

When 'phoning, do give the full ame and address, even if you hink he knows it. Don't say: "Ask he doctor to call at Chez Nous." If our house has a number, use it. ut the rest of the message short, nd don't tell him your life history n the 'phone. He's probably xamining someone.

If you can go to him, don't ask him o come to you.

"What about getting away from it all for a bit, Fred, and going to the dogs to-night?"

THESE CHILDREN MUST BE SAVED

WILLIAM J. GAGE, JOHN BULL'S Special Commissioner, has uncovered appalling conditions in many children's homes and institutions. This final article points the way to immediate action for reform in this national scandal

CHARTER FOR THE "UNWANTED" CHILD

1. **No child is unwanted.**
2. **If a child has no parents, or if the parents have failed in their task, the nation shall be guardian.**
3. **The nation's duties as guardian shall not be delegated to any person, nor to any religious or charitable body, without continuous and thorough control.**
4. **Foster-parents shall be enrolled, not from those out to earn money, but from good citizens eager to give an "unwanted" child its chance.**
5. **If a child is sent to any orphanage or other institution foster-parents shall still be appointed to visit it frequently and take care of it during the "holidays."**
6. **All such institutions shall be run as good-type boarding-schools, and no oppressive or penal atmosphere, religious or otherwise, shall be allowed.**
7. **Children who break the law as the result of bad environment shall be sent, when possible, to good foster-parents rather than to reformatory institutions, and shall be educated to good citizenship through love and understanding, not hardened by continual punishment.**
8. **When institutional care is necessary, the greatest pains shall be taken to see that the child whose wrongdoing was largely misapplied high spirits is not mixed with those in whom there are signs of moral taint. Psychological sifting shall ensure this. However expensive, it is cheaper than manufacturing criminals.**
9. **Erring parents shall be given every opportunity to mend their ways. Only in the gravest cases shall permission to visit their children be withheld.**
10. **One national authority shall be responsible for all children to whom the State stands as guardian, an authority armed with full powers to care for them and to ensure, so far as is humanly possible, that they get a fair start in life.**

"JUST A WASTE of everybody's time. For months we have had nothing for the children at all, and nothing is done except talk and correspondence."

This outburst from a Lancashire magistrate, F. Bancroft Turner, of Salford, is echoed by many who have experience of the problems which confronted him. Young offenders were brought to his court, but there were no suitable homes to which he could send them.

Approved schools, orphanages, remand homes were all full to overflowing—a fact which no amount of correspondence could alter. It is not a new problem. The Salford Education Committee presented a report on the unsatisfactory position *four years ago.*

When I was in the West Country recently I was told of one home where the staff consisted of an elderly matron, a nurse, an old lady help, and a cleaner. At times as many as sixty children were cared for in this home, which was extremely well-run in the circumstances, though some degree of neglect was inevitable.

Feelings of Parents

One can imagine the feelings of parents who hear stories of bad conditions in homes where their children have been sent.

Not long ago a London woman went to Hereford to see her sixteen-year-old son in an approved school there. So distressed was she at his appearance that she planned his escape. She knew there was no chance of getting his release, and saw to her dismay that he had contracted a nasty skin disease—in fairness to the authorities it should be noted that understaffing had contributed to the boy's unhappy state.

The mother's plan failed, the lad was caught and received eight strokes of the birch for his attempted getaway. He is still in the approved school, though the mother, whose part in the attempted escape was admitted, was merely bound over by a kindly magistrate, who said he appreciated her feelings and sympathised.

There are few mothers in Britain, I imagine, who will not feel equal sympathy.

Widespread Cruelty

There are about 3,000 homes in various parts of the country in which about 130,000 children of different types are cared for, but so clumsy is the machinery controlling the problem that *exact figures are not available.*

From the R.S.P.C.C., however, I have obtained totals which show how widespread are the cases of cruelty and neglect which they are called on to investigate.

From 1884, the year the Society was founded, to 1944—the figures for the first quarter of 1945 are not yet completed—their inspectors dealt with 5,480,403 cases.

The total for 1944 was 107,047, proof that the evil is not decreasing. Of this figure 54,254 were boys and 52,793 girls. There were 26,608 cases of neglect—most cases concerning two or three children—and 2,632 children had suffered battery and assault.

About 30,000 parents and others were warned as to their future conduct. "Advice" was given to 7,305 others. Only about 2,000 were prosecuted.

The smallness of this last figure, in comparison with the large number of cases investigated, indicates how difficult it is to get satisfactory evidence. But it also shows that prosecution is not the main aim of the Society, which thinks always of the best interests of the child.

Police Reports

One interesting aspect of the figures is the way in which the cases came to light. Police in different parts of the country reported to the Society 4,487 instances of suspected neglect or cruelty, school and other officials, over 13,000, and the general public 21,480. Only 1,355 cases were discovered by the Society's officials—but this is a very considerable number in view of reduced staffs and the many long investigations the Society has to undertake for the authorities.

But it is not enough to leave matters to the police and the welfare societies. Only when the individual citizen assumes personal responsibility will things be changed. If some of the many people who opened their homes to young evacuees would continue that fine service in peace time by caring for unwanted children, the difficulties facing the authorities would be lessened and reform could be swift.

No Visiting System

Members of local councils might do more. I know of a woman elected to such a body who asked at the first meeting she attended for a list of institutions in which they were interested so that she might make occasional visits.

There was surprise, not to say consternation. No such list existed. Though there were perhaps a dozen institutions where children and old people from the area were sent, no one, it seemed, ever thought of visiting them.

Over and over again it is the unexpected visit which reveals the facts. Visiting days never reveal anything. They may be prepared for a week in advance, whitewash being freely applied.

A final word.

Those who have read the three articles, of which this is the last, should remember that they are based on far more cases than I have space to mention. For one story told here there are perhaps a dozen or twenty indexed in the JOHN BULL files.

The great Sidney Webb, afterwards Lord Passfield, said: "You can always get sympathy for a sick child. I am concerned with the million sick children."

No doubt we've reduced the total since the day those words were uttered, but in my recent travels about the country I have seen far too many children, not only sick in body but sick at heart. It is for them that, with the help of skilled advisers, I have drawn up "The Charter for the Unwanted Child."

Free Speech

Profits of War

Praise for a military hospital. A Soldier's Civvy Suit. How the Red Cross Helps. Sidelight on Milk. Money and Freedom. Profiteering at London restaurants

WITH ALL THIS TALK of post-war plans and peace preparations, we have so far failed to see any guarantee on two points which go to the root of the future world structure. First, we must have total abolition of private armaments manufacture, and, second, the stoppage of arms supplies to other countries unless we are directly affected.

If armaments are needed they must be manufactured by the State—not by firms who reap huge dividends and welcome war because it's good business. We want no more people like Sir Basil Zaharoff and no more commercial travelling in blood and misery.—E. BURTON CHILDS, 27, Gleneldon Road, Streatham, S.W.16.

Not so Drab

YOUR READER WHO WROTE about drab Northern women (JOHN BULL, 24.2.45) made my blood boil. We may not be oil paintings in the North, but our hearts are good.

Thousands of us have had to turn out to work and look after a home and children at the same time. We have not given up the fight in looks and dress, but are just weary and tired out. If this letter is worth publishing, please give the guinea to the Red Cross.—Mrs. L. F., Oswaldtwistle, Lancs.

(Guinea sent as requested.—EDITOR.)

Barred from the Tower

IN LONDON yesterday I was refused admittance to the Tower of London, though foreigners in uniform could go in. A policeman told me that I could only get in if accompanied by someone in the Services. This is a bit thick. The Tower belongs to Londoners. I am a London girl who has helped in the blitzes to save our famous building.—E. M. MOORE, 10, Langton Road, Brixton, S.W.9.

Soldier's "Colour Problem"

I LAUGHED WHEN I READ about the "Civvy Suit" depôt at Olympia, London, where discharged Servicemen are fitted with outfits worth £20. Six months ago I was discharged after four-and-a-half years' service and am receiving a 100 per cent. disability pension.

I was given one brick-red overcoat, a brown suit, a grey cap, an Army shirt with a collar which was mauve in colour and two-and-a-half sizes too big, one blue and silver tie, a pair of Army socks and a pair of Army boots. I had to travel in this hideous outfit from Durham to Glasgow, and I don't think it was my crutches that drew so many looks of pity.—B. W., Glasgow. (Name and address supplied).

Good Films Kept Away

HANNEN SWAFFER TELLS US that J. B. Priestley's film, "They Came To A City," has been banned from the big cinema circuits (JOHN BULL, 24.2.45).

I realise that this is not the first time this sort of thing has happened. "Romeo and Juliet" never came this way, and it wouldn't surprise me if "Henry V" doesn't either.

If a film is too "arty" or "preachy" the circuits ban it. Some consideration should be shown to the intelligent film-goer who is fed up with the eternal glamour girls and swooney crooners. Film tastes won't change if we're never given an opportunity to change them.—J. A. PIRIE, South Balmoor, Peterhead, N.B.

Haven for Wounded

I HAVE NOTICED your readers speaking freely about hardships in military hospitals. I have just returned from Wooloston House, Newport, Monmouthshire, where my brother is an inmate. The treatment for both wounded and visitors is beyond reproach.

I was allowed to visit my brother at any time and was in the ward from 11.15 a.m. till 3.45 p.m. one day, except for a break when the patients had their midday meal. The Red Cross is also doing a wonderful job. They supply all the wounded in this hospital with cigarettes and spending money. Relatives of wounded men will like to know of this.—W. J. ARMSTRONG, 5, Mercer Avenue, Water Orton, Nr. Birmingham.

Dangerous Cows

BUTCHERING IS MY TRADE, but for the last month I have worked in a knacker yard and I have been startled by the number of aged tubercular cows that come in to be dressed. (The meat, of course, is not for human consumption).

One came from a farmer who said how sorry he was to lose her—she had broken a shoulder. He had had this cow eight years and she had been an exceptionally good milker, yet she was riddled with tuberculosis. Before starting this job I wondered at the fuss some people make about tuberculin-tested milk, but I'm one of the fussy ones myself now.—B. W., Leeds.

Keep Your Bottle Full

MY FATHER HAS KEPT a rubber hot-water bottle for ten years without it perishing. He has managed this by always keeping it full of water, even during the summer.—Mrs. CHANNING, 5, Laurel Terrace, Yatton, Somerset.

Still True?

RE-READING "The Vicar of Wakefield," by Oliver Goldsmith, I came across the following: "I found that riches, in general, were in every country another name for freedom; and that no man is so fond of liberty himself as not to be desirous of subjecting the will of some individuals in society to his own."

That was written in 1776. Are things so very different now?—A. H. OSBORNE, 82, First Avenue, Gillingham, Kent.

Messages of P.O.W. In East

YOUR READER'S LETTER (JOHN BULL, 3.3.45) might confuse those with relatives in Japanese hands. The Red Cross and St. John War Organisation does not supply forms for the despatch of broadcast messages to prisoners of war from Delhi. As far as is known, prisoners of war and internees in Japanese hands have no radio receivers; thus it depends upon the willingness of the Japanese to pick up any messages radiated from Delhi and then to transmit them to prisoners.

Perhaps your reader has in mind the newly instituted Far East Cable Service, by which the registered next-of-kin of prisoners and internees held by the Japanese can send them one ten-word message a year. These messages are despatched, in the case of next-of-kin of prisoners of war, through the Far East section of Red Cross and St. John, 9, Park Place, St. James's, W.1. In the case of next-of-kin of civilian internees and merchant seamen, they are sent through the Foreign Relations Department of Red Cross and St. John, Clarence House, St. James's, S.W.1.

Messages are sent *via* the International Red Cross at Geneva and then by radio telephony to Tokyo. Distribution from the latter point onwards is, of course, entirely in the hands of the Japanese.

The entire cost of this scheme is borne by the Red Cross and St. John War Organisation, as well as the cost of the reciprocal service by which prisoners and internees in Japanese hands may send similar messages to their next-of-kin.—ROY BREWER, 24, Carlton House Terrace, S.W.1.

Who's to Blame?

I READ WITH DISMAY that the British film, "Western Approaches," has had to be renamed "Atlantic Adventures" for its American showing, because audiences there would think this documentary of our convoys a Western cowboy subject.

If the United States do not know what Western Approaches means and how the defence of them by our Royal and Merchant Navies has saved America from dire peril—especially in 1939-1941—what has our propaganda department at Washington been doing all this time?—Mrs. H. B., Penzance, Cornwall.

Avoid Broken Marriages

IN YOUR ARTICLE, "Marriage Under Fire" (JOHN BULL, 10.3.45), David R. Mace, Chairman of the Marriage Guidance Council, mentions the loneliness of the young wife whose husband is abroad. Do we realise that quite a lot of us are partly to blame for this?

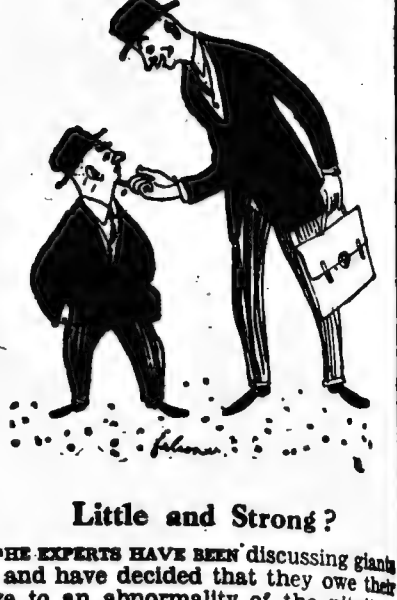
If a young wife in the neighbourhood gets bored and starts going to dances, we are only too ready to gossip about her. We don't realise that we can help to overcome her loneliness by inviting her out, asking her to come round when we have friends in, and encouraging her to join any groups to which we may belong, such as Women's Institutes and so on.—Mrs. B. R., Kings Norton, Birmingham.

Words, Words, Words

DOES THE SLOGAN "Save Paper" apply to the Civil Service? A friend of mine had to send a note explaining his absence from work. His superior sent back the note with a request for fuller information. This was supplied but returned with a request that the phrasing of the note be altered. This, too, was done. The note came back again with a demand that one word be eliminated.—J. CARLIN, Graig Park Hill, Newport, Mon.

Glasses on the Screen

IT MADDENS ME TO SEE the way film producers portray women who have to wear glasses. A film actress usually only wears glasses when she is supposed to be plain, dull-witted or comical. It would be a welcome change to see a screen heroine wearing glasses, just as some of the finest and most cultured women do in real life.—Mrs. L. CROWE, 48, Carlton Avenue, Wednesfield, Wolverhampton, Staffs.



Little and Strong?

THE EXPERTS HAVE BEEN discussing giants and have decided that they owe their size to an abnormality of the pituitary gland. This little gland at the base of the brain can apparently give you inches, but not the muscles to go with them. In any case, we know that over-six-footers don't necessarily reach great heights.

A famous rowing coach once told me that he preferred a fellow of 5 ft. 8 in. or 5 ft. 7 in. with big shoulders and thick legs and neck. "He's the man for me," he said, "he'll stay the course." On the other hand, I've usually found budding giants are more good-natured than the short ones. I'm short myself and I admit I'm irritable.—C. C., The Orchard, Tarring High Street, Worthing, Sussex.

Ace Flying

WALKING IN THE WOODS between Douglas and Ramsey, I heard a lot of squealing. Looking up, I saw a large bird of the hawk family swoop down and kill a bird in flight. Then, as it flew along, it dropped its victim and another bird flying below caught it in mid-air and made off with it. How I wished I had had my cine-camera in action.—L. KING, 7, Regent Street, Douglas, Isle of Man.

Eating—at a Price

I'M GLAD YOU MENTIONED the case of a café charging 1s. 8d. for a dinner for which a similar place elsewhere charged only 1s. (JOHN BULL, 10.3.45). There is too much of this sort of profiteering going on.

In the "American belt" in London (and, I expect, in other large towns and cities) there are dozens of small cafés which charge 2s. 6d. or even 3s. 6d. for hamburger and chips. Before the war, the dish would have been called rissoles and have cost about 8d. In other districts you can still get the same thing for 1s. or so. I suppose the proprietors of profiteering cafés, having made their pile, will simply close down when the war moves to the Pacific.—"LONDONER," Stockwell, S.W.9.

Sheltered Lives?

AT THE OLD BAILEY recently, when a Food Enforcement Officer was giving evidence, the Common Sergeant, Judge H. L. Beazley, and Mr. H. J. Hamblen, prosecuting, said that neither of them had even seen a ration book. The judge added: "What are personal points?"

Where have they been all these years? I think it is ridiculous that these men concerned in the administration of justice, should be so completely out of touch with the lives of ordinary people to-day.—"HOUSEWIFE," Forest Gate, E.7.

THIS PAGE is reserved for your opinions, and one guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

e in the Future

WING-COMMANDER SIR ERIC HODSOLL, Director-General of Civil Defence, has said that A.R.P. should tinue after the war. No decision has n reached, but Herbert Morrison is orted to be drawing up a plan for its tinuance.

ooking at the peculiar assortment of s and dust in the bottom of my tea- I can see a vision of life years and s ahead.

he Aged Warden and the Aged cue Man and the Aged National Fire vice Man are taking off their jackets boots ready to go to bed.

hey are in a small basement room h a concrete floor. On the walls are ted a rota of duties for the Combined . Services, a torn and dirty map on ch air raid incidents are to be marked h the little red pins that were lost years before, a photograph of the star Suzy Mexicana who was popular 1955, and a cartoon of Herbert Mor- on with a long white beard.

HE PLACE IS kept half-warm by a broken electronic heater. They have t received a memo. beginning, "The il Defence Controller begs to state ," and saying that the overcoats for ich they applied five months before e not deemed to be necessary, but, uld the weather become exceptionally d the following winter, they are re- mmended to provide their own over- ts.

They have been on duty five nights a ek since the last rocket fell on Eng- d. They have seen Medical Officers Health come and go. They have seen iplings directed to Civil Defence and tched them grow up to become super- endents, instructors, decontamination turers, and even, in one case, a second- der-assistant-temporary-unpaid-acting- puty Regional Commissioner.

In the past twenty-four hours they ve six times telephoned headquarters report that no bombs have fallen in eir area. Three times they have ed in eighteen sections on fifteen ms to report that they have nothing report. Twelve times they have omily sucked cup-of-tea tablets issued the Ministry of Nourishment.

The only incident they have attended ppened about three years ago, when packet lunch made of electrically arged chemicals fell from the London- rth Pole stratoplane right through the of the latest model confabulated use constructed beside the Tate llery.

"NOTHER DAY OVER and no war," said the Aged Warden.

"Do you remember when we had real mbs?" said the Aged Rescue Man.

"Do you remember when we slept in l beds?" said the Aged N.F.S. Man.

"I see they've got a plan to stop the xt war," said the Aged Warden.

"Never mind, we keep the unemploy- nt figures down by a few hundred ousand," said the Aged Rescue Man.

"And keep a lot of officials busy think- of reasons for writing memos," said Aged N.F.S. Man.

"And keep a lot of equipment manu- turers busy," said the Aged Warden.

"What a life," said the Aged Rescue an.

"What a death," said the Aged N.F.S. an.

Mitzi Mayfair had a hectic tour

Esmond Knight was blinded in the Navy

Marlene Dietrich did well in North Africa

FILM STARS ON THE WAR SET

But the biggest heroes are those who get no publicity

by Hannen Swaffer

FILM STARS have not experienced, in their working lives, the war dramas that made so exciting the performances of many theatre and variety performers.

Stage players have had to do their work in public, and often in the centre of bombed towns and cities.

As our film studios are scattered about in Middlesex and Buckinghamshire, for instance, cases of bombing were rare. Still, one was destroyed at Teddington, where the studio manager and his assistant were victims—the manager soon after he had made a sound-recording of the actual noise of a flybomb similar to the one that killed him!

When, earlier—in November, 1940—the Ealing Studios were badly burned by an inbendiary bomb, the George Formby picture, "Turned Out Nice Again," was started again at Wembley, the next day.

Tommy Made Them Laugh

The film artist's difficulties were those of transport and the long waits while the sirens went. When, for instance, Bud Flanagan and Chesney Allen were making "Dreaming," the company had to take cover no fewer than twenty-six times in one day!

Naturally this sort of thing created "nerves," which made concentration on a part very, very hard. So it happened that Tommy Trinder emerged as one of the minor heroes of Filmland's war. While he was making his first big film, "Sailors Three," a blitz was on. Tommy made the company laugh for twelve hours a day, gagging on and on to keep them cheerful.

Yet the real heroes and heroines of the British cinema industry were the usherettes, the girls who sell tickets, and the operators who stuck to their posts in the projection-rooms, out of sight and out of mind, up near the roof, often with no protection. Scarcely in one case was there, through all the racket, a sign of fear.

It is in the war itself, not in the studio, that Filmland found its heroes. Many, after, either playing the part of gangsters and tough guys of all kinds, or helping to produce the films, experienced at the front much more excitement than that in the most sensational plot they ever acted in or filmed.

Cameramen's Thrills

Donald Macdonald, a British director, had made "This Man is News" and other films. Soon, in uniform, he was making pictures right behind the battle lines, and with a real thrill in almost every hour of his day. That, too, was the experience of many cinema photographers.

Then Thornton Freeland, an American, who married June Clyde and who made Eddie Cantor's "Whoopee" and "Flying Down to Rio," found himself living in foxholes, not only in Italy but in Holland, Belgium and Germany, filming the war so that his co-patriots could see it in their local picture palaces.

Penrose Tennyson, a great-grandson of the Poet Laureate, and a young Old Etonian, became a film director at the age of 26 and made "The Proud Valley," in which Paul Robeson starred, and "Convoy," our first real propaganda film. It did honour to the Royal Navy and the convoy system. Then he threw up that sort of thing, joined the Navy himself, and was killed at the age of 27. Nova Pilbeam, his widow, mourns the loss of a real hero.

An even more remarkable story is that of Esmond Knight. He had done good work on the films when the war called him into the Royal Navy. Blinded in action, he behaved afterwards with such a dignity of quiet courage that his conquest of his sightlessness is in itself a miracle. His wireless appeal for the blind had a nobility of utterance that was in itself a proof of indomitable cheerfulness. Soon, he was back on the stage and in the film studios, acting as well as ever!

There are several Americans who, having achieved world fame as film heroes, proved their high courage in real life.

Clark Gable—Bomber

I met, soon after his arrival here, Clark Gable who, although over age, insisted on joining the Army Air Force, became an air-gunner and photographer, and won in bombing raids over Germany the Air Medal. He dodged, in England, all the publicity he could. We talked, when we met, only about the war and never mentioned Hollywood where last we had chatted.

James Stewart, whom I found unnoticed in the Savoy Hotel, became a pilot who, despite his nervous looks on the screen and off, bombed Berlin, Bremen, Kiel, Munich and Frankfurt, and was one of the real "tough guys" of the base where he was stationed. Soon a lieutenant-colonel, he won a medal. Forgetting Hollywood and all its bunk, he is one of the real heroes of America's air war.

Equally quiet and reserved was Douglas Fairbanks. I little thought, when he attended the dinner they gave me in celebration of my 40 years in Fleet Street, that the quiet-looking man whom I had known as a boy was doing more than putting on uniform because it was expected of him. But no, he was perfectly serious. As a first-lieutenant in the United States Navy, he took part in the Dieppe raid, became a lieutenant-commander and won a Silver Star for heroic conduct at the Salerno landing.

The war's publicity has been given, not to the film stars who joined up, but those who travelled about as entertainers.

Some have done really first-rate jobs. Probably Edward G. Robinson, who talks several languages, and whose admirable stage act, specially written for the camps, and whose magnificent broadcasts were of great value in keeping up morale, is the outstanding case.

Marlene Dietrich, who did a good job of work in North Africa, spoiled it by expressing her disappointment that London, which used to get so excited about her, this time took no notice. A few years ago, when she was in the Savoy, there would be a crowd outside waiting to see her come out. Last year, when I met her there, nothing of any kind happened.

Al Jolson, the first of all the talkie stars, emerged as quite a different personality. When first I knew him—yes, and right up till his country entered the war—he was morose and sullen. When he came back, this time, to do a camp tour with Merle Oberon—she, by the way, insisted on staying at Claridge's, away from "the common herd" at the Savoy—he was vital and interesting, and full of stories. Before then, inoculated for everything except housemaid's knee, he had flown as far north as Alaska, entertaining troops.

Then you remember the hectic tour of the girls who afterwards made a film, "Four Girls in a Jeep," about it all. Mitzi Mayfair, the exuberant girl who was one of them, told how her chief excitement was finding, a minute before she had to appear before the Queen and the two Princesses, that she had lost her panties. So she had to borrow Martha Ray's. After that, even the thrill of hearing Princess Margaret Rose say, "I wish you would teach me to jitterbug," seemed comparatively tame.

Bob Hope got in wrong twice. The Dean of Westminster ordered him, and a film camera, away from Dean's Yard—and he gate-crashed into 10, Downing Street, to shake Churchill's hand, with the five Senators! British-born, he should have known better.

Bing Crosby: £10 a Week?

Although Bing Crosby, when he appeared with Jack Buchanan and Dorothy Dickson and Beatrice Lillie at the opening of the Stage Door Canteen in Piccadilly, was earning £250,000 a year, it may interest him to know that when I asked the most expert variety booker in London, "What would you pay this fellow, if he were unknown and on the end of a pier?" he replied, "Oh, perhaps £10 a week." It was not he but Anthony Eden who made the wittiest speech last night.

Studio work for the film stars has been safe and easy. But, outside, they have done a big job.

My favourite film hero of the war is Roger Livesey, the British actor. When asked to take part in a war film he replied: "Why should I, while other men are dying? I've only been working for ENSA!"

Second Shot, a First!

SOME readers win in *Bullets* only after patient training. Others, like this airman "Bulleteer," hit the bull's-eye almost at once. It's your *Bullets* which count, not how long you have been entering.

Read the effort which in Contest 1,464 brought £200 First with his second attempt to L.A.C. Whitfield, 7, Ashley Lane, Killamarsh, Sheffield: Good For A Home—"Team" That "Won Away." And now get busy on your *Bullets* for this week's £250!

"BULLETS" CASH NOW

£400!

FIRST PRIZE, £250

£25 Extra Cash if you order your 'Bulletin' as directed on coupon.

OTHER PRIZES: £20, £10, 10 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 20 of £1 200 of 2s. 6d., 1,500 New Prizes

HOW TO WIN

Use these "Examples"

Simply add Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below. Thus you've made a "Bullet" that may make you the winner of this week's £250 First Prize.

BRICKLAYER WINSTON
ROUND THE PEACE TABLE
GRATEFUL COUNTRY
TROUBLES OF MANKIND
WITH FIRE AND STEEL
SIGN OF THE TIMES
TRICKERY
IN THE AIR
WHAT WE'VE LOST
MONEY TO BURN
GOOD SHOW
FACING DISASTER
CAN IT BE THAT
SPANNER IN THE WORKS
MY BABY
AS THE YEARS GO BY
INHUMAN
SITTING PRETTY
DELICATE SUBJECT
WIFEY'S SPRING-CLEANING, SO

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

ON WITH THE.....AND
OUR ..... SAYS
GRANDPA'S .....
BOUND TO.....
LIFE OF A.....
IN SPITE OF.....

Result 1,466—First Prize £100 and RADIO

W. H. MILLER, OLD CROOKSTON FARM, NITSHILL, GLASGOW.

Now They Know They Are "Losing Side"

£20 & Radio:
Mrs. R. Parkes, 20, Bilton Road, Rugby.
Delivering The Goods—P.M., All Hours!
£10 & Radio:
Mrs. B. Benbow, 171, Blurton Road, Fenton, Stoke-on-Trent.
Our Pram — Empty — Scares Nurse Britannia.
10 of £5:
Miss K. Atherton, 6, Miller St., Blackpool.
If Money Were Abolished—They'd Take Taxpayer's Coupons!
W. H. Day, 17, Henderson Terrace, Edinburgh 11.
Making History — Yank — Evening Without "Date"!
Mrs. M. Doherty, 33, Dundela Avenue, Belfast.
Our Pram—Trembled At Landlady's "No!"
Mrs. E. Haines, 5, Lysways St., Walsall.
Beyond Repair—Grandpa—Then Repairing Roof!
R. Incledon, "Sunny Glen," Hildyards Road, Lake, I.O.W.
Victory's Bus—Must Crush War's "Cycle."
W. C. Jones, 18, Birch Street, Bury.
The Plumber Sang And—"Deep River" Filled House!
R. J. Rea, 260, Felixstowe Road, Ipswich.
Anything But Love—I'd Give That Crooner!
W. S. S. Roberts, 1, Lancresse, Bugle.
The Big Three—Sonny's Argument For Smoking!
J. G. Saunders, 26, Rodney Rd., Ongar.
Unconditional Surrender—Or You're "Mutton," "Sheep"!
Mrs. C. L. Watts, 103, Hewlett Road, Cheltenham Spa.
Anything But Rissoles—See Reconstruction's "Canteen" Serves!

A list of 10 winners of £2 10s., 20 of £1, and 100 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted.

CHEQUES & CAKES WON IN CROSSWORD 413. WINNING WORDS: 1. Broom. 2. Threat. 3. Tent. 4. Rise. 5. Bit. 6. Wire. 7. Dear. 8. Liar. 9. Dust. 10. Mixer. 11. Trill. 12. Wet. 13. Kick. 14. Stunt. **£50 SHARERS:** Pte. G. E. Johnson, Uxbridge; R. Ralph, Sidley; E. Sanderson, East Boldon; J. L. Sherman, Sutton; F. Tissington, Streetes; J. Walker, Eryn; F. J. H. Young, Birmingham. **23 Runners-up Awards including Cakes.**

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated April 14, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON: "BULLETS" No. 1470, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

2 FREE "BULLETS" With 4 'Bullets' you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon also.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....

"BULLETS" No. 1,470
CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, MARCH 28.

Signed .....
Address .....
.....

For APRIL 7 "BULLETIN," ENCLOSE 1d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

write to JOHN BULL about it

SOLDIER WANTS TO TRAIN FOR A JOB

Will-making difficulties after remarriage. New deal for women teachers. Whist drives and gambling. Special schools for handicapped children

"I AM IN THE ARMY serving overseas, and I want to start to fit myself for a job after the war. I am particularly interested in mathematics, engineering, watch-making and repairing. Is there anything I can do about it now?"

Army education conducts postal courses in dozens of subjects for a nominal fee. Here are some of their subjects: Advertising, literature, French, German, Italian, biology, botany, chemistry, physics, zoology, economics, local government, music, drama, mathematics, philosophy, political theory, shorthand, engineering.

The army also provides vocational training in a great many subjects like accountancy, banking, insurance, secretarial work, and estate management. Have a talk to the Welfare Officer or your Commanding Officer. The facilities available vary in different overseas commands, and he will be able to tell you about conditions in your area.

"MY HUSBAND LOST his life in an accident in 1935, leaving me with a son aged six. I got no compensation, but my husband was popular with his workmates and they made a collection for me which amounted to £150. This I banked for my boy's future.

"Later on I married a widower with two children and we now have a baby boy aged two. What I want to know is: If anything should happen to me, how can I make sure that the money goes to my own children? Can I do it by making a will? And how can I prove that the money is really mine? I may add that my husband has about £50 of his own which is in my savings book."

Certainly you can make a will leaving that £150 to your two sons and dividing it in whatever proportion you wish. I advise you to get a solicitor to help you because there are so many snags in making a will and you do not want to run the risk of a dispute.

The bank will have kept a record of all your transactions and can prove that the money was yours before you remarried. The money which your husband has given into your keeping is a different matter. He would probably claim that as his property, and in any case you are not expecting your own children to have that. It is to straighten out points like this that you should see a solicitor.

"WHY SHOULD SINGLE women teachers so often be thought of as confirmed old maids? The charge was made by the secretary of the largest of the teachers' unions, and I consider it quite unjustifiable. I have yet to meet a woman teacher who has taken a vow of celibacy on entering the profession. And don't you think the long-drawn-out question of equal pay for equal work by men and women teachers should have been settled long ago, if only as a gesture of appreciation for the work that women are doing in war time?"

You are referring, I imagine, to a speech recently made by Sir Frederick Mander. But you should realise that equal pay for men and women is advocated by the National Union of Teachers, of which he is secretary. The subject is now being investigated by a special commission, and the Government will not act until their report has been received.

The explanation of the "old maid" charge is attributable to the fact that the majority of education authorities dismiss a woman teacher if she marries. Hence the spinster tradition in the profession. But the new Education Act, which is due to begin operating next month, permits the employment of married women teachers. In my opinion, there should be married as well as single women on the staff of every big girls' school.

"IT IS ILLEGAL to play games of chance for money or prizes in this country, yet the law never interferes with whist-drives. Surely there is an element of chance there, yet some whist-drives are sponsored by churches which object to gambling. I can think of nothing more dependant on chance than the cards one gets from a well-shuffled pack."

If you play only one single game of whist the element of luck is strong. But if you play a large number of games, as at a whist drive, you get all sorts of hands, good, bad and indifferent. The element of luck still remains, but is much reduced. Unless you have a succession of bad partners and poor hands, therefore, the final result will depend largely on the skill of the player.

"I WAS INTERESTED in what you said about special schools for handicapped children. My own son is crippled and travels to and from school by ambulance. He will continue there until he is sixteen and will be taught a trade.

"But can you tell me why he should have to go into another area to get this kind of education. Why are there so many different standards of education instead of one uniform standard through the whole country?"

The explanation is that education is administered by local authorities, and that some authorities are much more wealthy than others. Added to that is the fact that some authorities realise the supreme importance of education, while others are not yet fully alive to it.

Teachers are paid higher salaries in some areas, consequently many prefer to go there. In areas where the salaries are niggardly and where the cost of education is given grudgingly, the children suffer. The new Education Act is aimed at making the system more uniform throughout the country.

XWORD

FIRST PRIZE £50—Other prizes value £25 and up to 100 Fruit Cakes. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. Will usually have nothing whatever to do with water—TO□ER. 2. When boxer gets this, his seconds probably become anxious—□LOW. 3. Born leader may be such a man—BRA□NY. 4. Hungry tramp might welcome this on bitterly cold night—B□OTH. 5. Heavy blow leaves bad one behind—DE□T. 6. Is vaguely associated with violence by many people—MAR□. 7. Stroking one is apt to be a tricky business—□OAT. 8. In war-time, it might be wise to prevent enemy use of—GA□. 9. In some instances sinks to astonishing depths—W□LL. 10. Good one may make your troubles feel lighter—□EED. 11. Careful, conscientious clerk will be annoyed by—B□OT. 12. A child's bad manners are noticeable at—TE□. 13. Opening this wrongly can ruin it—□AFE. 14. Pruning a shrub may make it—SHO□T.

Entry Fee—one 3d. stamp per set of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated April 7 enclose 1d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Last day to post—Monday, March 26.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 422, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Result of Crossword 413 is given below "Bullets" Result in column 2.

Extra P.A.Y.E.

R. E., Rickmansworth: As the writing off of ten-twelfths of income tax liability for 1943-44 under P.A.Y.E. regulations does not extend to unearned income, nearly all taxpayers who own their houses and have other sources of unearned income find themselves faced with arrears of tax from 1943-44. The law provides that such arrears are to be collected by reducing the Code Number for 1945-46.

G. K., Woking: The minimum agricultural rate of wage does not apply to private gardeners. These are not classified as agricultural workers.

H. C., Blackpool: If the Military Service (Hardship) Committee does not grant deferment, you can apply to the chairman for permission to appeal to the umpire. There is no other right of appeal.

N. W., Stockport: The old scale of clothing issued to men discharged from the Army included no greatcoat except for men discharged during winter on medical grounds. But the new scale, which has been on issue since the middle of last October, provides a raincoat for all men, irrespective of the time of year when they are discharged.

H. F., High Barnet: The provisions of the Essential Work Order do not prevent an employer making application to the National Service Officer for permission to discharge a person whilst incapacitated for work.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Six o'clock Date With a Midnight Kiss

She had met him once — and dreamed ever since. Then, on the afternoon of the evening they were to meet again her girl-friend said, "Please *try* Poudre Tokalon." So, once again, Poudre Tokalon made dreams come true. Ten times finer than any other powder, Poudre Tokalon clings skin-tight through gay, romantic hours because it is blended with Mousse of Cream, the ingredient which makes complexions look so clear and fresh, hiding blemishes and shiny nose. *Made in six heart-disturbing shades, Apricot, Natural, Peach, Rose Peach, Brunette and Rachel.*

Poudre TOKALON

for longer-lasting loveliness

DIPHTHERIA IS DEADLY-

PROTECT YOUR CHILD

Give your child the safeguard medical science now offers. Immunisation is safe and simple. It gives almost certain protection against death from Diphtheria. The best time is just before the first birthday; but every child under 15 ought to be immunised. Protection takes three months to develop, so get your child treated now, it is dangerous to delay. Immunisation is free—apply to your Council Offices, School or Welfare Centre.

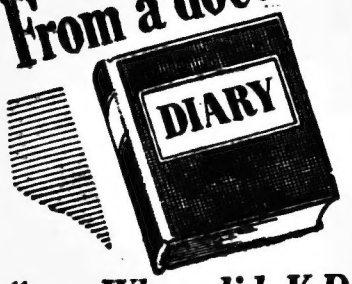
IMMUNISATION

—THE PROVED SAFEGUARD

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education.

F3/Sw

From a doctor's DIARY



"...When did V.D. start, doctor?"

I'm often asked that question. Well, there is a reference to Gonorrhœa in the earliest written records—Moses made laws to try to prevent its spread. The Romans knew about it, and it has certainly been present in Britain for many hundreds of years.

As for Syphilis, there is now very little doubt that this form of venereal disease was unknown in Europe until the end of the fifteenth century, although it was common in other parts of the world.

So it's a very old problem. But it's only in the last generation that we doctors have been able to say that we can diagnose venereal disease with certainty, and cure it if we get the case early enough. In recent years new and even more effective methods of treatment have been discovered. And during the war the public conscience has been awakened to the need for an all-out attack on this social evil.

The doctors at the local authorities' clinics have the knowledge, skill and facilities to treat all forms of venereal disease. Thus they can prevent the spread of infection from their patients to others. But success in this campaign depends on all of us. Everyone must realise that V.D. in adults can best be avoided by clean living, and that those who have reason to fear they have been infected should lose no time in seeking the skilled advice and treatment that have been provided for them.

Clean Living is the Real Safeguard

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT are available at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. (The addresses are given on local posters.) Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the Health Department at your local Council's offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. Please send stamped addressed envelope.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education (VD39-16)

PARK DRIVE

for pleasure

Excuse me— INNER CLEANLINESS comes first

For deepdown Inner Cleanliness, take Andrews regularly — not necessarily every day but as often as the system needs its health-giving aid. See how Andrews purifies: *FIRST*, it refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue. *NEXT*, it settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion. *THEN*, it tones up the liver and checks biliousness, and *FINALLY*, to continue your Inner Cleanliness Andrews gently clears the bowels. It sweeps away trouble-making impurities, relieves Constipation, and purifies the blood.

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your

ANDREWS

Family size tin 2/-

Guaranteed to contain 8 ozs.

(54-14*)

You can't be alert and on top of your job if your bloodstream isn't clean. So—

— every morning take

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

SAXA A 'fine' SALT

Simple Home Recipe against Coughs, Colds and Influenza

To bring relief to Influenza, Coughs, Colds, Head Noises, Catarrhal Deafness, nothing is so effective as the simple "Parmint" recipe, which you can feel is doing you good from the first dose.

So good is this old recipe that practically all chemists now keep it bottled ready for use, though you can easily make it up yourself.

The very first dose of this Parmint Syrup will bring you real relief. You will feel it soothing the cough, easing the sore throat, clearing the stopped up passages and relieving the catarrh. Soon you'll find the trouble disappearing altogether. It's excellent for children because they like the Parmint flavour.

Be wise. Get a bottle of Parmint Syrup from your chemist to-day and keep it handy. 1/5d. the bottle including tax.

Note.—If you want to make up a large bottle of it yourself ask for a 1-oz. bottle of the Parmint Concentrated Essences (Price 2/1½d.).

take Fennings LITTLE HEALERS

at the first sign of an attack of INFLUENZA BRONCHITIS OR COLDS

and Brighten your outlook

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 6d phts. 1/3 & 3/- glass tubes

Send 3d in stamps to-Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I.o.W. for copy of "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR"

CHAFING

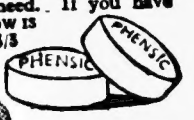
Sores caused by chafing napkins are soon healed by Cuticura Ointment. Stops itching and irritation and assures undisturbed sleep. Antiseptic Cuticura cannot harm baby's tender skin.

2/10 & 1/5 a tin at all Chemists and Stores.

Cuticura OINTMENT

Phensic *will relieve the heaviest* Cold...

If you have been let in for a heavy catarrhal cold try Phensic! Take two tablets with a little water every few hours—and continue until the symptoms have quite disappeared. Phensic will help to get the cold poisons out of you and it will provide the tonic you so badly need. If you have never tried Phensic NOW IS THE TIME! 1/4 and 3/3 *incl. Pur. Tax.*



TWO TABLETS NORMAL DOSE

Phensic

for relief & protection from Colds & 'Flu

• RHYME AND REASON •

Richard met the Squander Bug
Who fleeced him white as snow,
For Richard went and Richard spent
And let his savings flow.
Bug followed him aboard his bus
And jeered, in accents cruel,
'You've lost your cash on worthless trash
You are a silly fool!'

BUY NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

BECAUSE:

Every 15/- earns you 5/6 in 10 years' time.

This increase is not subject to Income Tax.

They're easy to buy, easy to hold, easy to cash.

Savings up keeps prices down.

Savings help to win the war.

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

Sad—but true!

Unlike wine, radio sets do not improve with age. There are, however, many thousands of Mullard owners, who, having chosen wisely in the first place, are today still enjoying trouble-free listening. That is why they will always choose Mullard, in the certain knowledge that when better sets are made, Mullard will make them.

MULLARD

RADIO AND TELEVISION

THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO. LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2 (95D)

Still a No. 1 priority

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What do I do...?

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Issued by the Ministry of Information

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